

China Reconstructs

VOL. XX NO. 8

AUGUST 1971





A QUOTATION FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSETUNG

This army is powerful because all its members have a conscious discipline; they have come together and they fight not for the private interests of a few individuals or a narrow clique, but for the interests of the broad masses and of the whole nation. The sole purpose of this army is to stand firmly with the Chinese people and to serve them whole-heartedly.

China Reconstructs

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Inside front: A People's Liberation Army company trains on a precipice which their revolutionary forerunners once climbed on reconnaissance duty in order to wipe out Japanese aggressors.

Back: A P.L.A. unit marches in the Taihang Mountains, a revolutionary base during the War of Resistance Against Japanese Aggression.

Inside back: Workers building a substation for an iron mine of the Taiyuan Iron and Steel Works.

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THE BATTLE OF PINGHSINGKUAN PASS

CHEN WAN-MING

Commander Lin Piao (left) directing the battle of Pinghsingkuan Pass.



ON July 7, 1937 the Japanese imperialists invaded north China. Frightened out of their wits, the Kuomintang reactionaries retreated without putting up a fight. Having already handed over all of China's northeast to the invaders, they now gave up large portions of the north. At this life-and-death moment for the Chinese nation, our great leader Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party raised high the banner of resistance and led the people in resolute struggle.

To the Front Lines

I was then a messenger for the headquarters of the Eighth Route Army's 115th Division commanded by Comrade Lin Piao. Following the directive of Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee, we left our base area in Shensi for the front lines of resistance in the last part of August 1937. A chilling rain fell incessantly, but we were so engrossed in our determination to repel the aggressors that we hardly noticed it.

On arriving at the Houma railway station in southern Shansi, we found that the Kuomintang had taken over almost all the railway cars to send their families and retreating troops southward. We had to wait three days before we got hold of some dilapidated open cars to take us north.

All along the way we saw refugees fleeing the invaders. The Japanese imperialists had brought this upon our fellow-countrymen. Gritting our teeth in rage, we vowed that we would drive the devils out of China and rescue our people.

It was midnight and raining when we pulled into Taiyuan. To our surprise we found a welcoming crowd of refugees and students who had heard we were heading north to fight the Japanese. They climbed into the cars and clasped our hands as if meeting long-lost loved ones. They told us how the Japanese devils slaughtered the people, burned their homes and seized large areas of our country.

CHEN WAN-MING, a veteran Red Army man, is now leader of a logistics unit of the Chinese People's Liberation Army.



Eighth Route Army units heading for the Pass.

"Avenge us!" they urged us again and again. "Drive the Japanese devils out of China!" They pushed buns, steamed bread, muffins and eggs into our pockets. Some students took off their own jackets to put around our shoulders. We felt new strength surging through us. The people were placing their hopes of national salvation on the Chinese Communist Party, the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies. Together we shouted, "Down with Japanese imperialism! We'd rather die than be slaves!" Our shouts

and singing echoed through the city.

Even as we continued northward, more trainloads of Kuomintang troops rumbled in the opposite direction. Those troops swarming southward on foot or riding on donkeys carried bundles and chickens or drove cows and sheep, all looted from the people. While profiting from national adversity, they were also spreading the idea that "our country is doomed". Fury mounted in our hearts.



The Eighth Route Army continues its advance after the victory.

We felt our responsibility more keenly than ever. It was true, we were poorly equipped. All we had were old-fashioned rifles, some had only broadswords. There was little ammunition and each of us had only one or two hand grenades. We had no uniforms and we often went hungry. But we were the army led by Chairman Mao and the Communist Party and we were ready to shed our last drop of blood to save our nation.

Getting off at Yuanping station, we heard that Japan's crack Itagaki Division had taken Tatung and was bearing down on Pinghsingkuan Pass. To gain time we revised our combat plans. After several days of forced march, we arrived at a village near the pass where we set up headquarters.

Telegrams kept coming and I had to go to Commander Lin Piao's headquarters several times a day. He was usually marking a map with a blue-red pencil or sitting at a small table on the



brick bed, engrossed in writing. Or he would be out with the other leaders making the rounds of the hills, sizing up the terrain. From past experience we figured a major battle was being planned. We waited eagerly for Commander Lin's order.

Soon Commander Lin called a mobilization meeting. He explained the enemy moves, analyzed the situation and called on us to prepare for battle.

His inspiring talk went right to our hearts. We could hardly wait for the battle to begin. There is nothing formidable about the Japanese imperialists, we felt. As long as we dare to fight, we will defeat them.

The whole outfit bustled with activity. Communist Party members met to discuss the talk and

then all the units held meetings where we recounted how our nation and class suffered under the reactionary ruling class and the Japanese invaders. Our hatred of the Japanese imperialists grew, and pledges to fight to the end swamped headquarters. The village resounded with vows of "Kill the enemy, fear no sacrifice!" "We'll fight to the last man!" We messengers also pledged, "We'll keep communications open at all costs, even with our lives!"

Wiping Out the Invaders

Commander Lin gave the order to move on the evening of September 24. The units were to lie in ambush along the 10-kilometer valley between Pinghsingkuan Pass and the town of Tunghonan.

We started out at 12 midnight. It was pitch dark. Nevertheless, we chose the most difficult bypath so as not to give ourselves away.

At crack of dawn the units moved into battle positions, quickly dug fortifications and lay quietly in wait.

We set up headquarters on a hilly slope south of the highway, only a kilometer from the advance position. From our vantage point we commanded the whole battlefield. To the left was an east-west highway leading to Pinghsingkuan Pass. North of it was a barren hill about 400 meters high. Halfway up stood an ancient temple. Although not a shadow of our units could be seen from headquarters, our men were lying in ambush along both sides of this 10-kilometer stretch of road.

Part of the terrain where Commander Lin Piao directed the battle.



At seven o'clock we heard the sound of motors. A convoy of trucks carrying the invader troops and military supplies drove toward the pass. We counted a hundred of them. Two hundred animal-drawn carts, and batteries pulled by mules and horses, followed. Then came the cavalry. The brutes on horseback and in trucks wore leather boots, steel helmets and khaki-colored woolen coats with rifles slung across their shoulders, all gesticulating smugly. Scenes of our deep-suffering compatriots wandering homeless along the road rose in our minds. How we longed to rush out and make minced meat of the invaders and avenge our people! With bated breath, our men watched the enemy—thousands of eyes burning with hatred.

Minutes passed. The enemy procession of trucks, carts, batteries and horses had entered our "pocket". We watched them approach the point where we had blocked the highway with felled trees, forcing the carts, batteries and cavalries still streaming westward to pile up.

A staff officer reported that all the enemy troops had entered our ambush area. Commander Lin gave the battle order. Bugles sounded and furious shouts rang through the valley. A storm of avenging bullets burst forth. Taken completely by surprise, the invaders crowding the highway fell dead or wounded or ran helter-skelter. A truck trying to turn back was hit and burst into flames. Some of the devils bumped into each other, shouting and cursing. Others tried to crawl under trucks to put up a fight. It was only after some time that they finally woke up to their situation and organized their troops to seize favorable terrain for a counterattack. Some of them began to crawl toward the temple on the slope.

Commander Lin immediately ordered the 686th Regiment to charge down to the highway and cut up the enemy forces. He dispatched Third Battalion to take over the temple, from which the highway could be controlled. Battle cries and firing from the assault groups shook the valley. The invaders scurried about trying to escape. Some fired from behind trucks or mounds. Third Battalion dashed through the smoke-filled valley onto the highway and fought the invaders hand to hand. Bayonets and sabers flashed and glinted. Shouts and explosions intermingled. Half an hour later the enemy began to falter, turning to take shelter under trucks. The first hurdle out of the way, Third Battalion charged up toward the temple. But a small enemy detachment had already seized it and set up a curtain of fire. The way was steep. Attacked from above and below, Third Battalion suffered heavy casualties. But, far from cowed, our men were only more determined to fight to the last drop of their blood.

They pressed forward. Suddenly the telephone went dead. Immediately comrades of the messenger platoon ran up to repair the lines. When one fell, several others took his place. With our blood and lives we kept headquarters in touch with the advance positions. With the help of Second Battalion, Third Battalion finally got to the top and plunged into a hand-to-hand fight. When a rifle was smashed, they grabbed one from the enemy. Their bayonets snapped, they fought with broadswords, rifle butts or rocks. They fought on even when seriously wounded. In this decisive fight at close quarters, enemy planes, artillery and machine guns were completely useless.

The hilltop was ours. From it we concentrated a fierce fire on the enemy in the valley and sent them howling and running about like rats with no place to hide.

Their officers brandished their swords and shouted for them to retake the temple. Half-heartedly the devils again tried to make their way up. We adjusted our sights and waited. As they neared the temple, panting, we opened fire. The enemies toppled in rows.

Enemy strength diminished under our hammering blows. But these disciples of feudal chivalry would not yet admit defeat. They collected some 600 bedraggled devils to make repeated attacks on the temple. Their battered attempts only sent our morale higher. The invaders brought in planes and artillery, but we repulsed them again and again and kept the hilltop in our hands. By one o'clock in the afternoon our 687th Regiment charged up from the right and surrounded the enemy in a pincer assault. Fired upon from back and front, the invaders in the valley between Hsinchuang and the temple were completely annihilated.

Enemy corpses, dead horses, carts and trucks were strewn over the half dozen kilometer stretch of highway and over the hillsides. We had killed 3,000 invaders, put 100 trucks and 200 carts out of action, captured 1,000 rifles and machine guns and other military supplies.

The victory of Pinghsingkuan Pass astounded the world. It was the first major victory in the war of resistance, a victory won under the command of Comrade Lin Piao who had resolutely applied Chairman Mao's military thinking. A stunning blow to the Japanese invaders, it smashed the myth that "the imperial army is invincible" and shook the Kuomintang reactionaries who were ready to become slaves without a country. It deflated the arrogance of the Japanese imperialists and all other reactionaries and inspired the confidence of the Chinese people in final victory over savage aggression.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF CHINA

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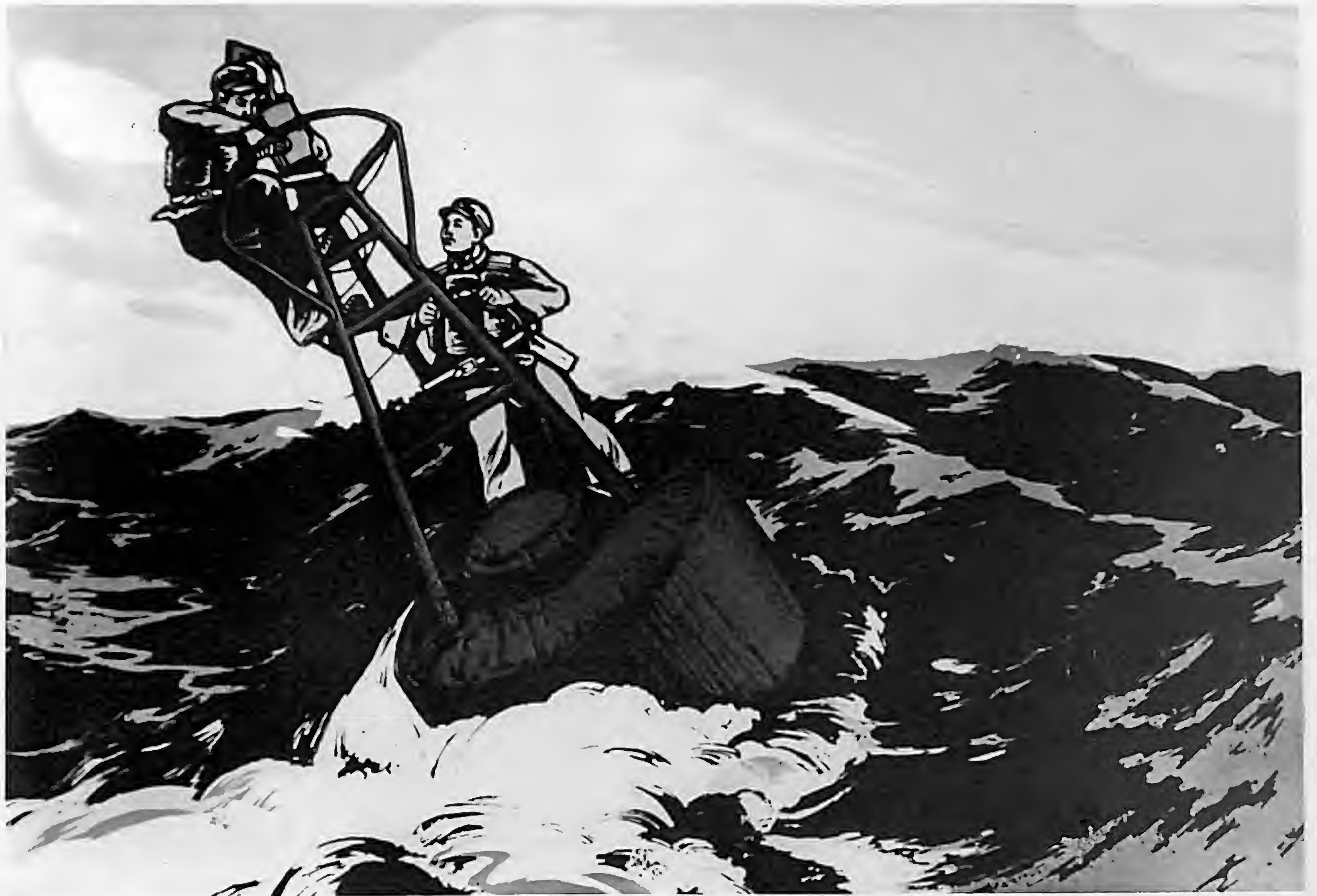
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'Our Own Military Representative'

TSO TUN and LIANG CHIEH

What is the role of the Chinese People's Liberation Army in the organs of political power at different levels? The story of Hsu Yao-chou, head of the ship repairs section of a P.L.A. fleet, answers the question. During the cultural revolution Hsu was sent to the Shanghai Boiler Plant to help the proletarian revolutionaries overthrow the Party capitalist-roader and establish a new organ of power, the revolutionary committee, which is made up of military representatives, revolutionary leading cadres and representatives of the revolutionary masses. He brought the fine traditions of the P.L.A. to the plant and was called "our own military representative" by the workers.

— Editors

IT WAS MIDNIGHT and snowing, but the light in the military representative's office in the Shanghai Boiler Plant was still on. Hsu Yao-chou was deep in his studies of Chairman Mao's works. Suddenly the door opened and a group of workers strode in. They surrounded Hsu and all began to talk at once. It was an argument over whether some steel tubes, which according to regulations were not of the right specifications, could be used in making the 400-ton boiler for the 125,000-kw. turbo-generating set with inner water-cooled stator and rotor. Though it was very late, they had come from the branch plant on the city outskirts to the main plant to find Hsu, the military representative in charge of production, to settle their argument.

Hsu listened to both sides carefully, then picked up his canvas bag, threw his overcoat over his shoulders and said, "Let's go and see."



Hsu Yao-chou

The workers looked at the frail figure of the military representative and began to regret coming so late in the night.

"Representative Hsu," said one of them, "you're not in very good health. There's really no need to go. Just make a decision and we'll go by it."

"Come on," Hsu waved a hand. "We can only get real knowledge through practice."

Hsu and the workers arrived at the worksite. He got all the people concerned together and listened to their opinions. Then he decided to measure all the steel tubes, some of which were out in the open, some still in the warehouse. Though the wind was biting cold, Hsu threw off his coat, picked up the calipers and began measuring tube by tube. When he had finished he opened Chairman Mao's works to the passage where it says, "... determine our working policies according to actual conditions" and discussed it in connec-

tion with the argument at hand. Finally he summed up the opinions of the workers and set down the principle that according to their varying thicknesses, the tubes could be used in different parts of the boiler.

One problem was solved, but new ones arose. When the turbo-generator was all set for a trial run, something went wrong with the rotary preheater in the 400-ton boiler. Hsu Yao-chou and Young Tso, a vice-chairman of the plant's revolutionary committee, hurried over to the worksite.

Hsu heard an account of the trouble and asked detailed questions. He listened to the preheater while it was in operation and found that there were odd noises in it. He discussed this with the workers, raising the question whether it could be something wrong with the gears. The workers dismantled some parts as suggested and located the trouble.

It was already two o'clock in the morning. Young Tso tried to persuade Hsu to go back and get some sleep, as that day he was to preside over a plant-wide meeting. But Hsu stayed on and studied the matter with the workers until the trouble was fixed.

On their way back, Tso asked Hsu, "You're a soldier, not a technician. How did you come to understand technical matters?"

"Technology is a complicated thing," replied Hsu, "but it is not impossible to understand. Where there is a problem, there are ways to solve it. As long as we go to the workers and learn from them, we can understand technical matters too."



A shop in the boiler plant.

Tso, a 28-year-old worker-turned-cadre, kept turning the military representative's words over in his mind, thinking how he himself, entrusted by the masses to represent them in the leading group, often felt helpless when confronted with technical problems. Now he had found the answer. "The military representative gets things done because he has faith in the masses, relies on them and learns eagerly from them. I must follow his example."

After delivering China's first 400-ton reheat boiler, Liu Chintang, a national model worker, said to Hsu, "This boiler has some novel aspects, but on the whole it is still in the traditional rectangular shape, a shape most countries have followed for over a century. We should take our own road in developing industry and design an entirely new boiler reflecting the Chinese people's creativeness."

"Old Liu," Hsu grabbed Liu's hands, "that's the true spirit of carrying on the revolution."

He encouraged Liu in his bold idea and joined him in working out a design. He followed every step of the manufacturing, helping to solve problem after problem. A year later they produced a round-furnace boiler small in size, quick in steam delivery, high in heating efficiency and evaporation capacity.

"Compared with the workers," said Hsu, "I'm only a pupil who never graduates."

Setting an Example

As the military representative in charge of production, Hsu Yao-chou is a busy man. But he always finds time to work in the shops. One day he found that a young cadre, Hsi, was sitting in the shop office dressed in a neat cotton suit instead of his usual work clothes. He felt that Hsi had discarded not just a suit of work clothes but the Party's tradition of close contact with the masses, the working man's true quality of love for labor.

That night he sought out Hsi and studied with him Chairman Mao's teaching, "By taking part in collective productive labor, the cadres maintain extensive, constant and close ties with the working people. This is a major measure of fundamental importance for a socialist system; it helps to overcome bureaucracy and to prevent revisionism and dogmatism."

"Hsi, how are you going to know what the masses are thinking and what their needs are, how are you going to learn from them if you don't keep working among them? If we want to follow Chairman Mao in making revolution all our lives, we as cadres must never divorce ourselves from productive labor, we must always keep to the true qualities of the working people."

Young Hsi felt his cheeks burning. The military representative is not in good health, he thought to himself, yet he rolls up his sleeves and plunges in like ordinary workers whenever he has time. He stood up.

"Thank you for reminding me, Representative Hsu," his voice was agitated. "I'll do as Chairman Mao teaches, **'Remain one of the common people while serving as an official'**. I will be an ordinary worker all my life, never divorced from labor and the masses."

The very next day he put on his work clothes and went to the shop. The workers were pleased. "Old Hsu guides our new cadres so that they don't become self-satisfied but keep to the road of revolution," they said.

Hsu Yao-chou brings the democratic work style of the P.L.A. to every new post he goes to. He places himself under the collective leadership of the revolutionary committee and the supervision of the masses. He respects both veteran and new cadres, consults them earnestly in everything, and makes no decision until a problem is thoroughly discussed to get a unity of views.

At a meeting of the revolutionary committee, Hsu spoke of his

ideas on changing the organizational structure of the plant. One of the new cadres misunderstood some of his ideas and, after the meeting, put up a poster criticizing him. It caused an uproar. Many comrades thought the criticism unjustified. Young Tso, the revolutionary committee's vice-chairman, was so upset that he was for criticizing the poster-writer at a general meeting. But Hsu firmly said no.

"Whether a leading comrade can listen to opposing views is a matter of his fundamental attitude to the masses, a matter of whether he is loyal to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line," he explained to Tso. "It's a very good thing that the masses and young cadres dare to state views differing from those of the leaders and the military representatives. It shows they have the revolutionary cause at heart. It shows they have faith in their leaders. This is exactly the kind of lively democratic atmosphere we want in the plant. Besides, the poster was right in saying that the

change of system must begin with criticizing and repudiating the bad rules and regulations. It fits with Chairman Mao's teaching that **'there is no construction without destruction'**. We should study his criticism seriously."

Hsu himself quickly put up a poster expressing welcome to criticism from the masses.

There was to be a plant-wide meeting that afternoon, but Hsu had to attend an important meeting at the municipal revolutionary committee. On his way there, he worried that Tso might get impatient and criticize the new cadre who wrote the poster at the plant meeting. He scribbled a note and had the driver take it back to Tso. Tso opened the note and read: "Do not criticize or reprove by any means. Patient reasoning is the thing to do."

What a world of deep class feeling for new cadres was embodied in the brief words! After the meeting Tso sought out the other cadre

and told him the whole story. The two young men clasped hands. No words were necessary.

The next day Hsu Yao-chou himself looked up the cadre who wrote the poster and had a long and friendly talk with him, listening to what the younger man had to say and explaining his own ideas. He showed him how to observe and analyze things in a comprehensive way and explained that the aim of changing the system was to stimulate production still more. At a later plant meeting, Hsu praised the young man's spirit of daring to criticize. The masses were moved and encouraged. More critical and constructive opinions were put forward which helped the revolutionary committee improve its work.

One with the Masses

Keeping to the tradition of the People's Liberation Army, where commanders are always at one with the fighters, Hsu Yao-chou lived and worked with the workers, sharing their joys and worries, knowing at first hand the thoughts uppermost in their minds. At all times he put into practice Chairman Mao's teaching, **"Having close ties with the masses is most fundamental in reforming state organs."**

Once master workman Tang and his apprentice Chu of an electric welding team had a serious rift as a result of incitement by class enemies. Hsu brought the two together at least thirty times for heart-to-heart talks. One night he again brought them together and studied with them Chairman Mao's teaching, **"There is no conflict of fundamental interests within the working class."**

"Unity of the working class," said Hsu, "is vital to the dictatorship of the working class. Our revolutionary martyrs gave their lives to fight for the power we hold today. It is up to us to con-

Hsu Yao-chou (left) at work.





Hsu Yao-chou (right) visits a worker at home.

solidate that power. What reason have we to fight among ourselves?"

Master workman and apprentice held the military representative's hands and said, "We were wrong. But depend on us to do the right thing from now on. We will never again do anything to give pain to our own people and joy to our class enemies." The two criticized their own shortcomings at a shop meeting and grew closer to each other. Their fresh unity was an example to the whole shop.

It was not until Hsu Yao-chou had been in the plant for more than six months that people discovered he had had cancer and four-fifths of his stomach had been removed. He never paid attention to his pains, but showed deep care for the well-being of the workers. He knew which worker suffered from what ailment and even what time of day he should take his medicine.

One evening he pushed open the door of the plant clinic, his hand pressing one side of his stomach. The doctor rose with concern, thinking Hsu was having another

attack of pain. But Hsu propelled the doctor toward the shop and brought him to a welder, saying, "Doctor, this comrade is running a temperature. Make him rest and take some medicine." When the doctor turned to look at Hsu, he had gone out of the door. The workers watched him disappear and said, "Our military representative has all the workers in his heart, but hasn't even reserved a tiny corner for himself."

A Fighting Life

Hsu Yao-chou's 30 years of revolutionary life has been a fighting course.

As a boy Hsu herded cattle and sheep for landlords and was apprenticed to a capitalist. In 1940 he joined the Eighth Route Army, predecessor of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. In the army he never worried about personal gain or loss but fought heroically. He was cited for meritorious service many times, and has had the honor of being received by Chairman Mao.

After his major surgery in 1964, the leadership arranged for him

to retire. But Hsu thought to himself, "Retire? How can a revolutionary fighter ever retire?"

Then the cultural revolution began in 1966. Hsu quickly understood this was a struggle to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat and defend Chairman Mao. He asked the leadership to give him work. In early 1967 the proletarian revolutionaries of Shanghai rose in the January Revolution to seize the power usurped by the handful of Party capitalist-roaders. Hsu was assigned to support the revolutionaries in the Shanghai Fishery Company.

The handful of class enemies were not reconciled to their defeat. They tried to sabotage the revolution by stopping production. Hsu went to the port, got the fishery workers together to study Chairman Mao's teaching, "**Never forget class struggle**", and pointed out why there were people desperately trying to stop the workers from going out to sea.

The bad eggs roared, "Whoever dares to start the boats and go to sea will get his legs smashed and his head chopped off!"

Coolly Hsu Yao-chou gave orders to lift anchors and start motors. "Full speed ahead," he said, "along the course charted by Chairman Mao. Whoever dares to touch a hair on the workers' heads will meet his doom."

The fishing fleets set out. Soon, with victories in both revolution and production, the masses of the fishing company greeted the birth of their revolutionary committee.

After the fishing company, Hsu Yao-chou went to support proletarian revolutionaries in four other factories and a school, promoting unity and consolidating proletarian power wherever he went. In the summer of 1968 he came to the boiler plant and after three years of work has helped make it an advanced unit in Shanghai.

Storm Clouds over Japan

—with the Chinese Table Tennis Delegation in Japan

JEN CHUNG



Airport welcome for the Chinese table tennis delegation at Sapporo, Hokkaido.

AFTER taking part in the 31st World Table Tennis Championships in Nagoya last April, we made a 40-day tour of Japan, visiting Osaka, Kyoto, Kobe, Fukuoka, Sapporo, Yokohama and Tokyo.

Wherever we went, we were deeply moved by the Japanese people's warm friendship for the Chinese people, and we witnessed the growing popular movement to restore diplomatic relations between Japan and China.

Dining at a restaurant in Fukuoka, south Japan, we observed that the waitresses were hesitant about talking to us. But after some exchanges they grew warm and eventually told us that they had been cautioned by the



Japanese and Chinese young people at a party.

police to keep aloof from the Chinese. "But you people are so friendly, so easy to know!" one of them said.

Not far from Fukuoka is the Miike Coal Mine where the miners had waged a 300-day strike against the Japan-U.S. "security treaty" in 1960. When the miners learned that the Chinese table tennis delegation was in the vicinity, they sent several representatives over to see us and present us with a figure of a miner carved out of coal, an expression of the friendship of the Japanese working class for the Chinese people.

Every time we ended our visit to a city, crowds of Japanese friends came to see us off, waving from the balcony of the airport waiting room or the platform of the railway station. Such a send-off would still be in our minds as welcoming crowds greeted us in another city. The faces changed, but the rousing scenes and cordial atmosphere were the same. Always there were people of every age. One who came to the station with his child in his arms said to us, "The people of Japan and China should be friends from

generation to generation. I brought my child so he can experience the atmosphere of Japan-China friendship even at his age."

Never Let Militarism Revive

Among the welcoming crowds we always saw streamers with the slogans: "Stop the revival of Japanese militarism!" and "Long live the militant unity of the Japanese and Chinese people!" We received red banners with the slogans: "Down with revived Japanese militarism!" and "Asian peoples, unite and fight U.S. imperialism!" The banners were covered with signatures.

At a welcome party in Osaka, second largest city in Japan, there were 1,300 people from all walks of life. We listened to a song sung by a group of young men and some workers who had lost their jobs for their resolute stand against the Japan-U.S. "security treaty". The words were:

*National hatred burning in
our hearts,*

*We will smash the yoke oppress-
ing us.*

The time to rise has come,

*Down with U.S.-Japanese reac-
tionaries!*

*Shatter the chains of the Japan-
U.S. "security treaty"!*

The hall resounded with militant singing as more people joined in.

We were told how Japanese militarism fostered by U.S. imperialism has been reviving through the years. War industry booming, military expenses soaring, the "Self-defence Forces" expanding, textbooks, films, press and commercial advertisements baldly preaching militarism and the "bushido" spirit. The Right-wingers exploited the Mishima incident to stir up a wave for reviving militarism, insisting that as an "economic power" Japan must "expand" abroad.

"The root of all this lies in the U.S.-Japan joint communique and the 'security treaty,'" our friends pointed out. These have made it easier for U.S. imperialism to push the "Nixon doctrine" and, with its policy of "making Asians fight Asians", tie Japanese militarism to its war machine pointed at China, Korea, Indochina and the rest of Asia.

A young woman we met in Osaka had been to China. She told us that she did not realize the dangers of militarism until she visited China where she learned of the countless crimes Japanese militarism committed in its war against China. "To promote friendship between Japan and China," she said, "we must first mobilize the masses to fight the revival of Japanese militarism and prevent it from invading China and other parts of Asia again." She had left college to work among the masses and spread her ideas.

We saw many young people like her in Japan, ready to go to jail

or lose their jobs in the fight against the revival of militarism. "We are not going to let the U.S.-Japanese reactionaries tie us to the U.S. war machine," they said. "The militant unity between the Japanese and Chinese people is forged in the common struggle against the revival of militarism."

In Kyoto a young friend told us that he and his companions had recently read the script of China's modern revolutionary Peking Opera *The Red Lantern* together. As the crimes of Japanese militarism in China became clearer to them, there were tears in their eyes. "The Japanese people share the same destiny as the Chinese and other Asian peoples," the young man told us. "We are determined to fight for unity between the Japanese and Chinese peoples and against the revival of militarism."

Awakening Peasants

On April 20, we visited the countryside around Sapporo, capital of Hokkaido in north Japan, and saw how the peasants of Naganuma village worked and lived. Mr. Kawanami, a local peasant, invited us to his home, served us tea and chatted with us. He told us that this used to be a quiet and beautiful place. But after the war, the U.S. imperialists set up a military base in nearby Chitose and covered the beautiful countryside with the dark shadows of humiliation.

In May 1968 the Japanese authorities announced plans for the construction of a guided missile base for the Self-defence Forces in the Naganuma district. Instantly the local peasants rose in protest, their fury swiftly spreading through the mountain wilds of

Hokkaido. From the very day of the announcement, they contacted each other, exchanged views and marched together in demonstrations. They built "huts for struggle" around the mountain forests chosen for the base to keep watch over the authorities and prevent

them from beginning construction. They fought off armed police. When the police came in May 1970, the peasants struck back with stones and clubs, injuring more than 100 policemen and smashing their cars. Many peasants were injured or arrested,

Invited by 12 Tokyo transport workers, the Chinese players arrive to play an exhibition match.



In a peasant's home on the outskirts of Sapporo.





On land resolutely defended, peasants of Sanrizuka tell a Chinese correspondent how they fight the building of a military airfield on their farms.

but they kept up the struggle fearlessly, compelling the reactionaries to delay construction again and again.

The reactionaries called the Naganuma peasants "lawless rebels against the rulers". The Miyamoto revisionist clique called them "Trotskyites". But they scorned such threats and slanders and denounced the reactionaries, "You send the police to watch us 24 hours a day, even when we work in the fields, but we are not afraid, because it is not we, but you, who are committing crimes! We're not afraid of anything — and we're not going to be cannon fodder for the U.S. imperialists!"

A young peasant told us, "When we first rose to struggle, all we had was a simple anti-war sentiment. Gradually we began to see what was behind the reactionaries'

propaganda. Under the slogan of 'defending Japan's security', they go overseas to open up markets, plunder and extend their aggression, while the masses of Japanese and Asian people are being turned into sacrificial offerings to monopoly capital."

His words showed us how the Japanese people have awakened and matured in struggle. We were full of respect and admiration.

An Unforgettable Visit

Our most unforgettable day in Japan was our visit to Sanrizuka.

A rural district of Chiba prefecture near Tokyo, Sanrizuka was chosen by the U.S.- Japanese reactionaries for a 1,000-hectare military airfield five years ago. To defend their land, the peasants organized and formed the "Hantai

Domei", or "opposition alliance", to fight against the construction of the airfield. The five-year-old struggle is growing vigorously.

Early one morning we left Tokyo in a bus and rode along a bumpy highway. Coming into Sanrizuka half an hour later we saw a stretch of land now overgrown with weeds. A few bulldozers grumbled in the distance. Our bus pulled up in front of the "unity hut" at the northern end of the four-kilometer runway. The crude wooden house stood stubbornly alone on a huge tract of land where all buildings and crops had been levelled. A Hantai Domei flag flew proudly atop this peasant guardpost. From the hut peasants kept watch over the enemy and into it they came for meetings. The police had attacked it many times, trying to

pull out this thorn in their side, but they had failed again and again.

The leader of a peasant women's action group and several young peasants received us in the hut. They gave us an account of the fierce struggle they had waged last March, they took us to their "No. 1 fortified point" in the central part of the airfield. Called Komoino and 0.7 hectare in area, this piece of land belonged to an old peasant named Fujisaki. Though under tremendous pressure, the old man refused to sell his land to the reactionaries for the military airfield. He joined the Hantai Domei and the peasant struggle. We saw two huge wooden placards erected by the peasants. One bore the pledge: "Cherishing the peasant soul, we stand ready to fight the decisive battle to the end." The other placard carried accounts of how the peasants fought the bloody suppression of thousands of mobile policemen and hung on to their land.

Sympathy and support for the Sanrizuka peasants in their struggle came from all over Japan. When the struggle was at its fiercest, students, workers and others came to join the peasants in fighting the police. At No. 1 fortified point we saw young people digging tunnels, building fortifications, doing propaganda work or helping with farming. Living in tents and makeshift huts, they were in high spirits and talked of high ideals and aspirations.

Next we visited Aunt Ooki, a widow owning only 0.2 hectare of land. The reactionaries tried to seize her land, but Aunt Ooki stood firm under pressure. She did not bow even when she fell

ill, but put on the Hantai Domei helmet and fought the mobile units with bombs filled with sewage. Ten young students put up huts by the old woman's, settled down to look after her and help her and others nearby to work the land, winning the deep trust of the peasants.

Aunt Ooki, the peasants living nearby and many young people met us outside the widow's hut and treated us to roast meat and fresh vegetables they grew themselves. They told us about their struggle. Their words were few, sincere and plain, always full of deep meaning. Fujisaki said that he was ready to die defending the land. A middle-aged peasant who had been jailed told us with a smile, "I didn't tremble when I was arrested, but the policemen who arrested me were trembling all over."

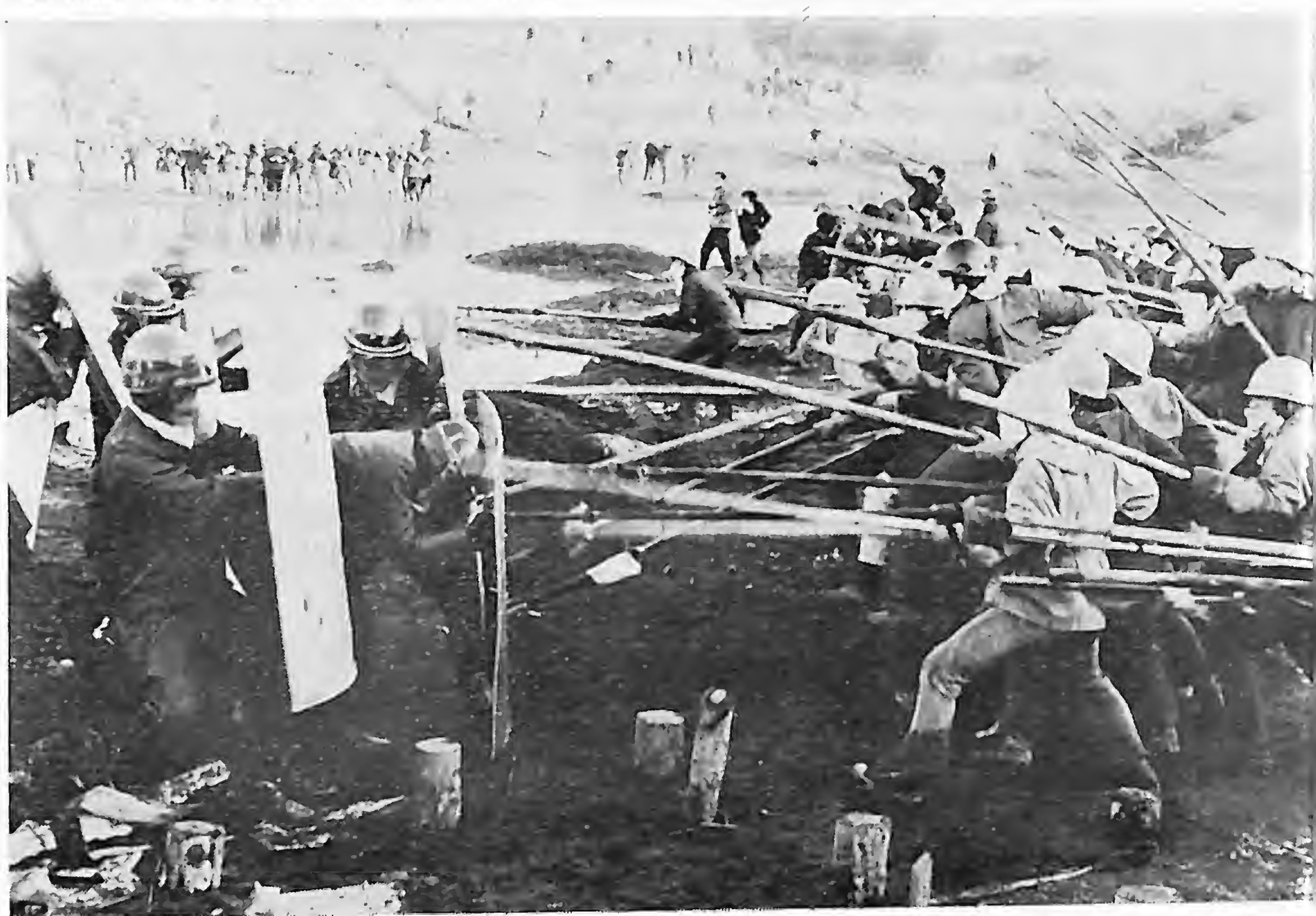
The peasants' smiling optimism and confidence in victory left a deep impression on us.

* * *

Crowds of well-wishers came to see us off at Tokyo's Haneda airport. We shook countless outstretched hands, some clasped our hands tightly and would not let go. It took us more than half an hour to go through the 300-meter passage to our plane. So many goodbyes were said in tear-choked voices, and we saw many pairs of swollen eyes. We were so moved we could not trust our own voices.

It was a brief but fruitful trip, for we felt that it deepened a militant friendship and gave us a chance to learn much about revolution from the ordinary people of Japan. We saw with our own eyes the growing popular movement demanding friendship and unity between the Japanese and Chinese peoples, and effective struggle against our common enemy U.S. imperialism and the revival of Japanese militarism. The storm clouds of people's struggle are hanging low over Japan.

Sanrizuka peasants fight off a police attack.





The army and people block the breach.

The Army and the People Are One

A HEAVY RAIN fell for several days in the Tsingtao region along the Yellow Sea coast, filling the Taoyuan River to overflowing. Then a strong gale kicked up, creating huge waves which pounded open the adjacent reservoir's thick covering of ice. Sweeping the ice blocks along with them, the torrents battered the walls of the reservoir dyke.

Toward evening, when commune member Lin Chih-fu inspected the reservoir, he found that ice and flood had breached the dyke and were roaring through it, threatening vast stretches of wheat fields and the villages beyond. He turned and ran toward his village, shouting to the brigade leaders he met on the way, "The dyke is breached!" The immediate response was, "Call the militia! Stop the breach!"

Insistent bugle blasts rang through the village.

The Army Helps the People

The Second Platoon of the Sixth Company of a People's Liberation Army unit was training in the area. Hearing news of the breach, the men at once set out for the reservoir under platoon leader Sung Cheng-an.

Arriving at the dyke, Sung ordered his men and the brigade's militia to throw sandbags into the breach. But though each bag weighed at least a hundred kilograms, they were instantly scattered by the waves.

Sung directed the men to drive heavy wooden boards into the earth on either side of the breach and sink eight sandbags at one throw to hold them. But the raging torrent swept the sandbags up and dashed them against the boards. With a loud crash they snapped. Again the sandbags disappeared in the waves.

The waters of the river kept pouring into the reservoir and rushing on through the breach. Soon the several thousand *mu* of wheat fields would be turned into a sea. "No," Sung Cheng-an told himself. "We can't let that happen. We'll jump into the water and block the torrent with our bodies. The Party and Chairman Mao entrusted me with the education of these class brothers. This is the moment of trial. I'll go down first and find out what the situation is." He tightened his belt and got ready to jump, but at the same moment a militiaman strode forward to join him. Sung held him back, saying, "It's dangerous, let me go!" and jumped.

The leader's action was a wordless order. The men of Second Platoon plunged in one after another.

Arms locked, they stood like rocks against the torrent. "You'll

freeze to death, comrades," commune members on the dyke called to them. "You'll get swept away!" Several militiamen jumped into the water and cried, "Platoon leader, order the comrades to go up!" But as none of the soldiers moved, more of the militia joined them, shouting, "Learn from the P.L.A.!" Sixty soldiers and militiamen formed a human wall in the chest-deep, icy torrent.

On the dyke, people raced to dig up the frozen earth to fill straw bags and sank them in front of the human wall. The sooner they stopped the breach, the sooner their comrades would be out of danger.

Minutes passed. Though giant waves and ice blocks pounded at the fighters and militiamen, seriously endangering their lives, they lustily sang revolutionary songs, determined to defend the people's lives and property. After a while the intense cold froze their lips and they could no longer sing. But in their hearts each remembered Chairman Mao's teaching to persist in struggle against whatever odds.

The fighters in the front row fainted; those in back took their places. When those who had been in longest lost consciousness, the cook's squad, who had hurried to the scene last, immediately filled the gap in the human wall. Militiamen carried the unconscious comrades up to the dyke for treatment.

An hour went by, minutes more. The breach was finally blocked, the danger over. Cheers of "Long live Chairman Mao!" echoed far and wide.

The People Help the Army

The lives of the men who had been in the forefront of battle were in grave danger. A battle to save them began.

Tsui Chun-kuei, brigade Party secretary and head of the revolutionary committee, organized the

whole village to care for the heroes. The villagers took off their own cotton-padded clothes to cover the men, swung them on their backs or carried them on makeshift stretchers as they quickly made their way toward the village.

Grandpa Lin Pei-tseng and his family settled one soldier after another in their home. Seeing the comrades, vivid memories came back to this former hired laborer who had worked like a beast of burden for the landlords in the old society. He remembered a time when the Taoyuan River was just a creek, too shallow to hold much water or to drain floods. A little rain caused it to overflow, a big rain meant ruined crops. In 1946 several Kuomintang bandit soldiers, wanting to cross it, had forced two old poor peasants to carry them across on their backs. It was the People's Liberation Army led by Chairman Mao that had wiped out the Kuomintang bandits in 1949, enabling the exploited and oppressed peasants to be their own masters. It was the P.L.A. soldiers who helped the people dig new rivers and build water conservation projects. Now again

it was the P.L.A. comrades who had come to their rescue. Grandpa Lin warmly embraced one of the soldiers and said, "My son, no words can express what we feel about Chairman Mao and our own People's Liberation Army!"

Yen Kuei-lan, a member of the brigade revolutionary committee, took squad leader Tsao Teh-chuan to her home. She woke up her three children, asleep on the warm brick bed, made room and settled the soldier there. She massaged him energetically and fed him a hot drink of brown sugar and ginger. Only when the soldier had regained consciousness did she realize that she had forgotten to put on her shoes when she hopped out of bed to join the rescue work.

The news soon reached the North China Sea Fleet, the Tsingtao Garrison Area and the Tsingtao Municipal Revolutionary Committee. Responsible comrades and medical personnel rushed to the village to give emergency help and treatment. The soldiers and militiamen who were in serious condition were speedily taken to the army hospital in Tsingtao, where they all recovered in a short time.

Grandpa Lin Pei-tseng takes soldiers home to nurse them back to health.



A Proletarian Doctor

RECENTLY an old worker arrived at Shanghai's Hungkou District Hospital with a serious stomach ailment. The usual procedure was an operation in which two-thirds of the stomach was removed. But Han Yu-fen, a woman air force surgeon then studying advanced surgery in the hospital, thought to herself, "Major surgery such as this might incapacitate the worker. Isn't there any method except the scalpel?"

Searching for other methods of treatment, Han Yu-fen began collecting and studying various medicinal herbs. One of these, she learned, was supposed to be effective when steamed in liquor. She prepared it and then set out to make sure that it would have no harmful side effects. She had never drunk liquor before, but swallowed a glass of the yellow preparation herself. It made her dizzy and hot for more than three hours. Continued experiment showed that it was a strong stimulant to the stomach but had no harmful side effects. Han Yu-fen gave it to the patient. His appetite and spirits improved and in three weeks he was back at work.

HAN Yu-fen is a good doctor because her heart is always occupied with the interests of the patients and she judges and guides her work with Chairman Mao's teaching, "Serve the people." Born in a poor family in the old society, she had little schooling. Admitted



Han Yu-fen

to the Chinese People's Liberation Army when she was only 14, she began to learn medicine. Though her skill was ordinary, her devotion to serving the people caused her to become first a "model orderly" and then a "pacesetting nurse". Today as a doctor, she works enthusiastically and fears no fatigue. She is constantly on the go, medical kit across her shoulder, serving airfield units, companies and the people in the surrounding rural areas.

Studying advanced surgery at the Hungkou District Hospital, Han Yu-fen took a very serious attitude toward every question, never accepting things blindly. She used Chairman Mao's teach-

ings to approach and resolve all problems.

During operations she was often struck by the fact that some surgeons made large incisions and others small ones for the same operation. Obviously, big incisions gave the surgeon a clear view and made the operation easier for him. But what of the patient? A small incision would lessen tissue damage, reduce pain and reduce the time for healing. A revolutionary medical worker, she reasoned, should do his best for the patient and not for his own convenience. The size of the incision, she decided, was not a question of skill but of how the surgeon regards the patient.

She was scheduled to remove an appendix. She examined the patient carefully and marked the exact spot. Here she made a very small incision, exposed the appendix and removed it smoothly. From that time on, she performed all her operations this way, carefully improving her accuracy and reducing the size of her incisions.

This led the hospital to study and improve on incisions in surgery. Now, for example, an operation for the removal of part of the stomach which used to result in many stitches, takes only three or four, with faster healing and much less pain.

ONE of the keys to Han Yu-fen's success as a people's surgeon is her deep proletarian feeling for her patients, particularly her reluctance to consider any case "incurable". A patient was admitted to the hospital with a serious case of thromboangiitis, an inflammation and thickening of the interior lining of the blood vessels which obstructs circulation in the affected region. He had had it for six years and now had a large ulcer on his left leg and a huge bedsore on his hip. His temperature was high, he had lost consciousness, his white blood count was up. Some specialists, both at the hospital and outside, diagnosed it as septicemia. Unless the leg was amputated, they said, the patient would die in a week.

Han Yu-fen was distressed to see a class brother in such pain. Of course the case was grave, but she felt that even if there was only one percent of hope, all-out effort should be made. Supported by the hospital leaders, she made a very careful examination and a number of tests. She concluded that the diagnosis was incorrect. She went to discuss it with an old woman practitioner who treated ulcerated feet successfully. She consulted experienced doctors of traditional



Han Yu-fen (right) and medical workers of Central Hospital swap experience in applying Mao Tsetung Thought to medical problems.

Chinese medicine. She decided to save the patient's leg by combining Chinese and western medicine.

Two months later the patient's leg showed obvious improvement, with new tissue growing in the ulcerated area.

At this point, Han Yu-fen went to her air force unit to attend a meeting. When she returned to the hospital, a nurse told her that the patient was in great pain and was asking to have his leg amputated. She studied the case again thoroughly in the light of her experience, trying to analyze why there was more pain than before. At last came the answer — the pain was a different kind. Reassuring the patient, she told him, "It hurt before because the muscles and other tissues were becoming more ulcerated. But now it is painful for a different reason — because the nerves are regaining their sensitivity. This is a good thing, not bad."

Now she added another treatment. She came very often to his bedside to study Chairman Mao's works with him to help him strengthen his confidence and will to fight it through. At last he was cured and sent home. A surgeon who had planned to amputate the leg said, "I will never forget this lesson. It helps me recognize

where I am lagging behind in the struggle to make my thinking completely revolutionary. I have much to learn from Comrade Han Yu-fen."

ONE day, Han Yu-fen was changing dressings for a woman patient who had been operated on. A worker's wife, the woman was worried about her children who had no one to take care of them at home. Han Yu-fen examined her more carefully, then said, "You can leave the hospital ahead of time and I'll come to your home every day to change your dressing."

Thus was born the hospital's first "home ward" — a ward in which the patients' beds were in their own homes and the ward doctors visited them every day to take care of them. The hospital leaders promptly saw that this was an important way of carrying out Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in medical and health work in the cities to serve the people better. Shortly after this, the hospital's "home ward" contained 300 beds-in-the-home. Commenting on this, one old worker said, "In the past, Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line kept the doctors aloof from the patients. Today Chairman Mao's revolutionary line links the doctors' hearts with ours and we become true brothers and sisters."

FROM REPAIRING SCALES TO MAKING ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT

CHI WEI

Assembling diffusion furnaces.



THE West District No. 1 Transistor Equipment Factory in a quiet alley in Peking is a small enterprise of 300 workers, simple buildings and little modern machinery. But it produces fine electronic equipment: high-precision automatic-controlled constant temperature diffusion furnaces, high-frequency epitaxial furnaces, and portable transistorized temperature-control units for diffusion furnaces.

Yet only a few years ago this was a back-street shop repairing steelyards and scales.

Housewives Can Do It

The steelyard repair shop was formed from several handicraft cooperatives during the big leap forward in 1958. Eighty percent of its 100 workers were housewives. It had no engineers and only two old machine tools and a bench drill.

In 1965 some teachers and students of Tsinghua University designed a high-precision automatic-controlled constant temperature diffusion furnace, essential for producing semi-conductors. For a long time this furnace had been imported because Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line of slavishly worshipping everything foreign

would not let the workers and technicians experiment creatively. Now Tsinghua University was anxious to find a factory to produce its design. The big factories had their hands full, so the steelyard shop was asked to help.

The workers had never heard of such a furnace. Did they dare to do it? Most workers, especially the housewives, were for taking on the job. A few people were skeptical. "We have no engineers, no technicians, not even an electrician, only a hundred pairs of hands used to handling heavy weights. Can we turn out a diffusion furnace?" One or two said scornfully, "Housewives are only good at taking care of children. Make a diffusion furnace? That's like toads wishing to eat swans' meat. Nonsense!" The women were furious. "We're in a new society now," they retorted. "Whatever men can do, women can do. Don't you look down on us! We can contribute to the building of socialism just as you do."

Their words encouraged those who were not so confident. "The Shanghai workers built the 12,000-ton hydraulic press without large equipment or sufficient technical knowledge. We are also workers led by Chairman Mao, why can't we make a diffusion furnace?" The factory Party branch accepted the job according to the wishes of the workers.

Liu Shao-chi's agents in Peking, however, did not believe the workers could make the furnace and would not let them have material or even the small amount of necessary funds. Ti Jung-hsueh, factory Party secretary, told the workers, "Chairman Mao teaches us that **it is people, not things,**



Li Hua (left) and other former housewives making electronic equipment.

that are decisive'. People armed with Mao Tsetung Thought can perform any miracle."

The workers went on repairing steelyards and scales for the needed funds while a small group put up a building with walls of reeds and clay and roof of boards and tar paper. "It may be small and simple," they said, "but we'll make the diffusion furnace in it."

Licking Difficulties

Former housewives Li Hua and Wang Chin-tsai and several junior middle-school graduates were asked to go to Tsinghua University to learn technique. The women were excited on the one hand and worried on the other. Excited because they were given the honor of fulfilling an urgent need for the country, worried because they had had little schooling and were afraid they were not up to the task. Party secretary Ti Jung-hsueh understood this mixed feeling. "Chairman Mao wants us to learn from the Foolish Old Man who was ready to dig up two big mountains," he said to the women. "We are the working class of a

new era, we have all kinds of advantages. Surely the lack of a little schooling is not going to stop us." The women plucked up their courage.

Li Hua, once a beggar and child bride, had never gone to school and didn't know the Latin letters on the circuit diagram. She wrote them down in a small notebook and under each letter wrote a Chinese character similar in sound. She memorized the letters after work, at meals and when walking. She marked the same number on both ends of each wire to help herself remember its course. To learn to work from diagrams, she divided each circuit into several sections and made simpler drawings for each.

Soldering is not a complicated operation, but the women who were used to moving heavy objects found it hard to hold the slender soldering iron steady. "What's the matter with me?" Li Hua fumed. "Will I never learn to handle delicate things?" She thought of Chairman Mao's teaching, "**What really counts in the world is conscientiousness, and the Communist**



Wang Chin-tsai testing an automatic temperature-control unit.

Party is most particular about being conscientious. It was the key. "Of course," she told herself, "as long as I study conscientiously, I can master any technique."

Li Hua cut the solder into pieces the size of rice grains and practised using them one by one. This bred skill and she finally succeeded in soldering the several hundred electronic components needed to assemble a regulator.

Wang Chin-tsai, mother of three children, also studied from dawn to dusk. A month later they happily returned to the factory to pass on their skill.

Doing Is Learning

Making the furnace body was the job of Kuo Ching-chih and a dozen other women workers. First they went to look at an imported diffusion furnace in another factory. Although some people there doubted that these steelyard repairers could make the furnace body, Kuo Ching-chih and her co-workers were confident that as long as they followed Chairman Mao's teachings on self-reliance

and hard work they would be able to overcome all difficulties. They next went to a research institute to learn something about thermodynamics. A specialist eagerly explained a great deal about the principles.

Now their problem was to apply their new knowledge to practice. They discussed it with Party Secretary Ti. Old Ti opened his *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tsetung* and read this passage: "Our chief method is to learn warfare through warfare. A person who has had no opportunity to go to school can also learn warfare—he can learn through fighting in war. A revolutionary war is a mass undertaking; it is often not a matter of first learning and then doing, but of doing and then learning, for doing is itself learning." Again the key that opened their minds!

Doing and learning, Kuo Ching-chih and the others completed a large part of the work, but failed to create the constant temperature zone without which there could be no diffusion furnace. Wrestling with the problem, Kuo Ching-chih and her mates could not eat or sleep, their eyes became bloodshot and they lost weight.

Ho Chen-sheng, a fellow worker, said to Kuo Ching-chih, "Why don't we take our problem to the masses? Maybe they can come up with some good ideas." The Party branch called a mass meeting in the yard. Kuo Ching-chih brought out the furnace, dismantled it and explained the difficulty. Someone said, "Why, I thought the inside of the furnace body would be the same as a cooking stove. I didn't know it is a long tube."

Cooking stove? Kuo Ching-chih turned the words over in her mind. The inside of the diffusion furnace and the cooking stove may not be the same shape, but

the principle of heating is the same. The temperature in the diffusion furnace is uneven because the cold air at the two ends cools while the temperature in the middle stays higher, because there is no cold air there. It is the same with a cooking stove. To make the fire burn right under the pot, people stack the firewood close to the stove door, for the heat goes inward. Could something similar be done with the diffusion furnace?

When Kuo Ching-chih told the others what she thought, everybody agreed she had put her finger on the problem. "In that case," a worker volunteered, "if we wind the furnace wire closely at the ends and loosely in the middle, it would be like stacking the firewood close to the stove door. Maybe this will increase the temperature at the ends."

They tried the suggestion on the spot and found that this reduced the temperature difference, though it did not yet form a constant-temperature zone. Kuo Ching-chih and the rest were excited. "So this is thermodynamics!"

The women improved the winding until they produced one that created a constant temperature zone. The temperature variation proved to be smaller than similar imported furnaces. They also broke the old rule that furnace wire must be wound hot, and invented a cold-winding method. The winding is done a dozen times faster and lasts much longer.

The diffusion furnace was ready after seven months, proof that housewives and junior middle-school students could build electronic equipment.

Daring to Create

The victory of the cultural revolution propels vigorous develop-

ment in socialist construction. It also inspired the small factory to try for more advanced production.

"We call ourselves the transistor equipment factory," said the workers, "but our diffusion furnace is still made with vacuum tubes. We should make them with transistors." The leadership took up the proposal, studied it and assigned Li Hung-che and Sang Min-hua, both 21 years old, to start work on it in December 1969.

Li and Sang were junior middle-school graduates who had come to the factory in 1966. Neither knew anything about transistorized diffusion furnaces. "Can we do it?" Young Sang asked Young Li on the side. "We can try," said Li. "Chairman Mao says we should **'discover the truth through practice, and again through practice verify and develop the truth'**. Practice will do it."

The first step was to turn the block diagram drawn by teachers and students of Tsinghua University into a wiring diagram. The young men produced the design after many sleepless nights and

repeated failures. Then with the help of other workers, they wired up the control unit according to the diagram. When it was installed, the furnace became hot and cold by turns. The test failed. They failed dozens of times. The two remembered that experts had also failed on exactly the same thing, and this worried them. Late one night they stopped work and picked up Chairman Mao's *Serve the People* and read the passage, **"In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage."**

"Courage! Right! We should have the courage to blaze our own trail," said Li in a firm voice. "Revolutionize the circuit."

"That's right!" Sang agreed. "The problem may lie with that old block diagram."

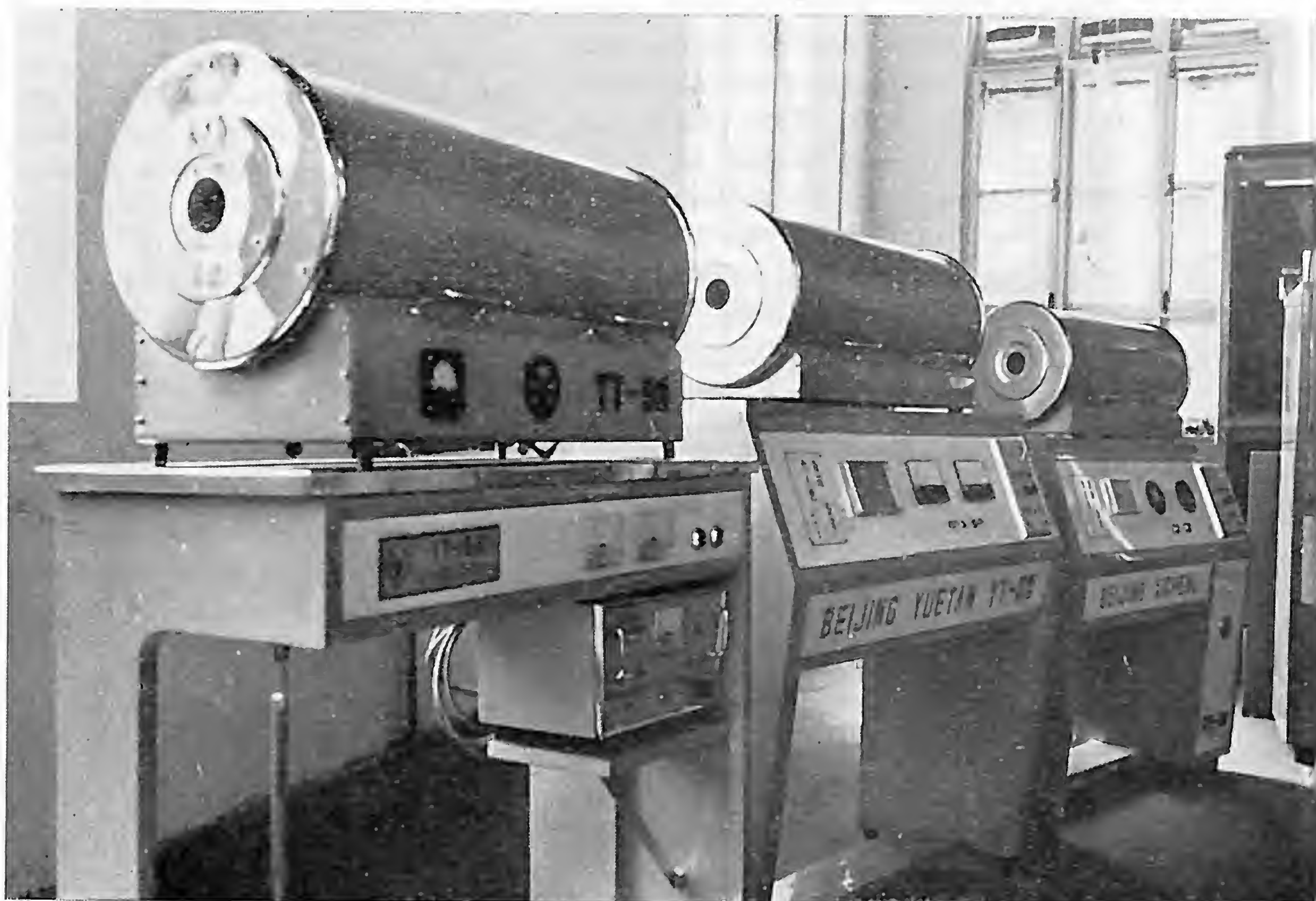
The new idea gave them drive and confidence. They reviewed their failures, looked for causes, freed their minds from old conventions and drafted a design based on their experience in practice. When they reported this to

the Party branch, Old Ti said happily, "Excellent! That's the spirit we want, the spirit of the new-born calf not fearing the tiger!" With support from the Party branch and the workers, they made a control unit according to the new design. It gave the furnace much steadier temperature. With more improvements, in the spring of 1970 they produced a transistorized automatic-controlled constant temperature diffusion furnace which has a simple circuit, is highly sensitive, easy to operate and service. These characteristics plus low cost and wide use opened a new road for developing China's electronics industry. Appraisal by departments concerned made the circuit a model for China's transistor circuit design. It has also been used in Tsinghua University's teaching material.

The factory has also produced several other kinds of electronic equipment urgently needed in China. Today it is supplying twenty provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions with diffusion furnaces and other products warmly praised by the users.



Portable automatic temperature-control unit.



Transistorized automatically-controlled constant temperature diffusion furnaces.



THE AMERICAN PEOPLE MARCH

REPEATED defeat for the U.S. imperialists' policy of aggression and war has intensified class and national contradictions in the United States, unleashing ever larger revolutionary storms. Workers, Afro-Americans and other national minorities, students, women, teachers and other people of many strata are forming into a powerful revolutionary force against the U.S. imperialist war of aggression in Indochina, racial discrimination and fascist rule. This force is dealing crippling blows at U.S. monopoly capital. Frightened and at a dead end, U.S. reactionaries are groping helplessly in a mire of difficulties unprecedented in history.

The People's Fury

When the Nixon administration arrogantly sent troops into Cambodia in May last year, an angry storm swept the country. In a statement on May 20, Chairman Mao pointed out, **"While massacring the people in other countries, U.S. imperialism is slaughtering the white and black people in its own country. Nixon's fascist atrocities have kindled the raging**

flames of the revolutionary mass movement in the United States."

Almost all the 1,500 universities and colleges in the U.S. joined this struggle in some way. Seven hundred of them and 300 high schools went on strike. Millions of students and others demonstrated.

In April this year the biggest anti-aggression demonstrations in U.S. history took place — particularly at Washington D.C. and San Francisco — as a million people of different occupations, nationalities and beliefs shouted, "We don't want your war!" "Immediate withdrawal of all troops!" "If the government doesn't stop the war, the people will stop the government!" From April 24 to May 6 thousands of students paraded before the Capitol, the Pentagon, the Justice Department, Selective Service headquarters and the Internal Revenue Service building. Afro-Americans, women's groups and even government employees went on the march too.

A striking feature of the nationwide revolt was the huge number of soldiers and ex-soldiers joining the demonstrations. In San Francisco, for example, soldiers num-

bered over 10,000. In Washington D.C. thousands of veterans of the Viet Nam war demonstrated and many furiously flung their war medals into the streets as symbols of shame.

Nixon's phoney talk about "troop withdrawal" does not fool the American people, nor are they cowed by counter-revolution's brutal suppression. Stubbornly they persist in the struggle, fighting off the police and troops with stones, bottles and clubs. When authorities herded several thousand demonstrators into a football field, the people proudly named it "Insurrection City" and raised the flag of the South Viet Nam National Front for Liberation — a defiant expression of their solidarity with the Vietnamese people in their struggle to defeat U.S. imperialism and save their country.

Strikes Increasing

The American working class is the largest in the world — over 70 million. Thirty million are industrial workers, over three million are agricultural laborers, the rest are in finance, commerce and services. The class contradiction



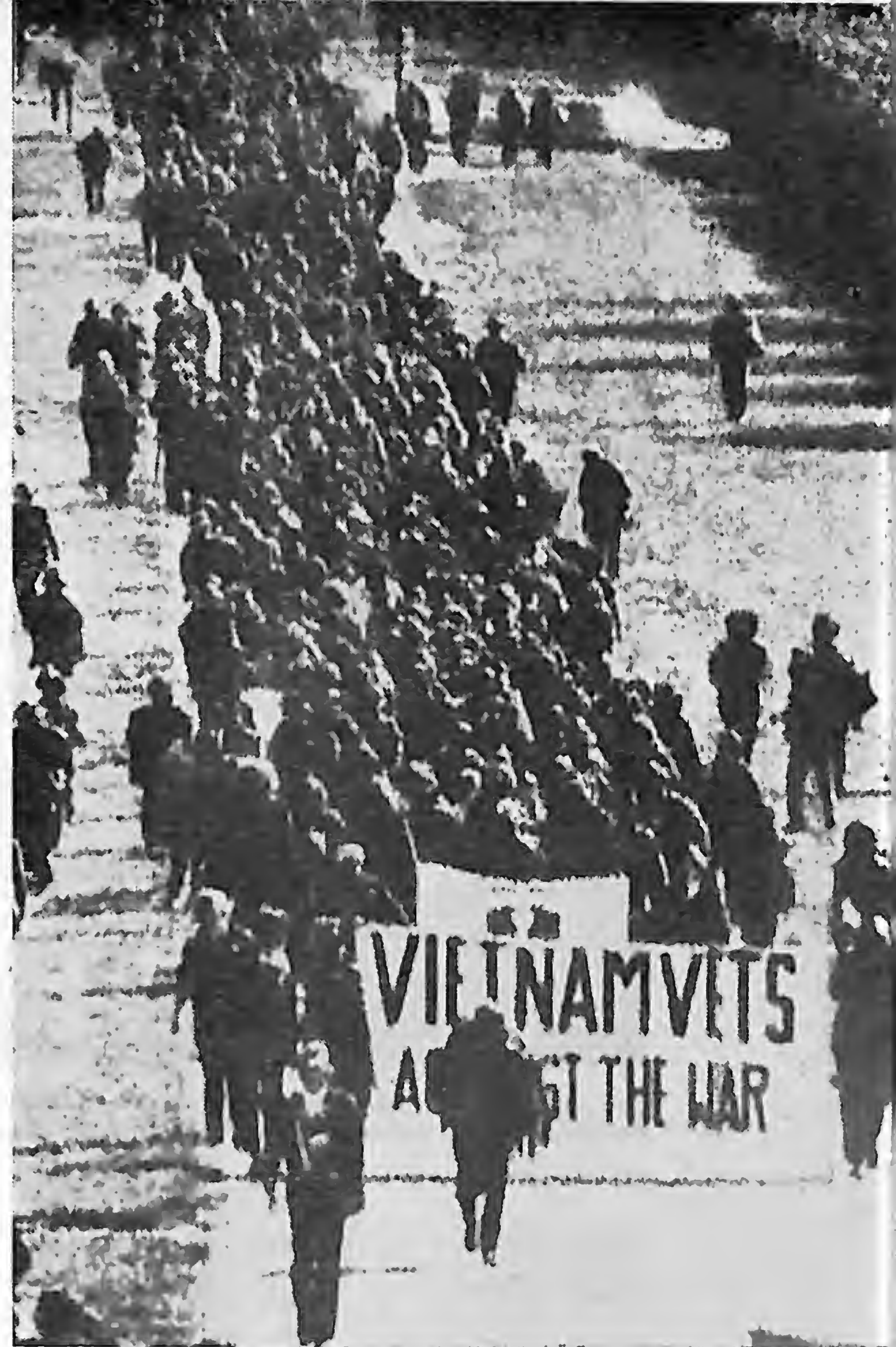
Far left: Afro-American students carry on the struggle in front of dormitories. Students of Mississippi's Jackson State College held many furious demonstrations against the U.S. imperialists' expansion of the war in Indochina and the Nixon administration's fascist massacre of the masses.

Left: New York crowds gather in Wall Street to protest U.S. imperialism's expansion of its war against Indochina.

powerful revolutionary force is embodied in the American working class — grave-digger of U.S. imperialism.

During last year alone 5,600 strikes occurred, involving 3.3 million strikers. This caused a loss to monopoly capital of 62 million workdays, more than three times the workdays monopoly capital lost in 1960, a decade ago. Electrical, automobile, railway, construction, rubber and agricultural workers, postal and city employees, coal miners, truck drivers and teachers went on strike. Even workers in the plants of the government-controlled U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and the nuclear test site in Nevada went on strike.

Last autumn 370,000 General Motors workers went on strike for



On April 19, thousands of ex-GIs from every part of the country met in Washington to demand the immediate and unconditional withdrawal of all U.S. troops from Indochina.

CHANG CHAN

between the American working people and the monopoly capitalists is irreconcilable. Because the monopoly capitalists' big modern enterprises concentrate the exploitation of the workers, a

A massive demonstration before the U.S. Capitol on May 5.



two months, causing a loss of 7,000 million dollars in the gross national product. Last December and again in May two big railway workers' strikes dealt heavy blows to monopoly capital. Afro-Americans and other national minority workers are showing an increasing militancy. The rising proportion of Afro-Americans in cities and the basic industries is creating favorable conditions for a gradual merger of the Afro-Americans' struggle with the workers' movement. The Afro-Americans were notably active in the auto workers' strike. After five years of strikes the predominantly Mexican grape pickers of California won complete victory on August 2 last year.

American strikes are moving away from purely economic issues. Many of today's struggles have a clear political nature, a marked sign of the deepening of the working class movement. Uncowed by force and not fooled by deception, American workers are breaking through the rigid control the reactionary government exercises through laws and regulations and gradually shaking off the shackles



On April 10, women from all parts of the country demonstrated before the Pentagon in Washington.

of traitor union bosses. More and more of their struggles are pointed straight at the U.S. imperialists' reactionary policies at home and abroad. "Fight inflation!" "Stop the war against the Afro-Americans and Indochinese people!" "Billionaires profit off workers' blood!" and "Power to the people!" are some of the clearcut slogans raised during recent strikes. Last April thousands of workers were in the forefront of the struggle against the war in Indochina, demonstrating the role of the working class as the main force in the American people's revolutionary mass movement.

The Afro-Americans' Struggle

There are considerably more than 22 million Afro-Americans in the U.S.A. They and the other national minorities such as the Mexican-Americans, American Indians and Puerto Ricans total over 30 million. Savagely exploited at the very bottom of American society, their hatred of the existing order and their courage in struggle make them an important part of the revolutionary forces which are slowly burying U.S. monopoly capital. Among the minority peoples, the Afro-Americans are a tremendous potential revolutionary force with the strongest rebel spirit.

Provoked by counter-revolutionary violence, the Afro-Americans' armed resistance is increas-

ing in intensity and scope. The other national minorities also march in the ranks against U.S. imperialism. According to the U.S. bourgeois press there were over 600 "race riots" last year, more than double that of 1967. More and more Afro-American organizations, groups, student associations and newspapers are appearing at the grass roots levels. The other national minority peoples are also organizing.

Courage is never lacking in the people's struggles. In Cairo, Illinois, the Afro-Americans' armed resistance to suppression has been going on since early 1969. Authorities nervously reported that "almost every black American in this city is armed". One day the police appeared to break up a demonstration. An old lady with a little girl at her side came hobbling out of her house, one hand on her cane, the other on her gun. She walked up to the police line and laid down her ultimatum: "If we can't get along, let's get it on. One more step and I'll start!" The police stopped in their tracks. In August and twice in January, Mexican-Americans fought fascist persecution in Los Angeles, building street barricades, heroically battling the police and burning patrol cars. Across the nation the American Indians wage constant struggles for their lands.

Influenced and spurred on by the Afro-Americans' armed resist-

ance, more and more Americans are meeting the counter-revolutionary violence of the Nixon administration with revolutionary violence — gun for gun, attacking police stations, courthouses and other government buildings. On March 1 this year the U.S. Senate building itself was bombed. When Nixon visited San Jose and Des Moines, the furious masses greeted the head of U.S. imperialism with rocks, bottles and snowballs.

The Women's Movement

Lenin said that "the experience of all liberation movements has shown that the success of a revolution depends on how much the women take part in it".

The American working woman is grossly discriminated against under the imperialist system. Last to be hired and first to be fired, her wages are lower than men's. More women are unemployed than men. The fate of nearly four million black women workers and those of other national minorities is worse.

Last International Women's Day, large-scale celebrations took place in twenty cities, including Washington D.C., New York, San Francisco, Chicago and Houston. On August 26, 1970, thousands of women in hundreds of cities held demonstrations to protest discrimination and demand equal pay for equal work. Innumerable women's organizations and groups have appeared in every part of the country. In April this year women again marched in the streets, joining the ranks against U.S. imperialist expansion in Indochina.

Lenin pointed out: "The American people have a revolutionary tradition." Commenting on their recent struggles, Chairman Mao said, "I am convinced that the American people who are fighting valiantly will ultimately win victory and that the fascist rule in the United States will inevitably be defeated." The American people are a great people — definitely not "the silent majority" Nixon calls them. They have become a new force in the struggle of the world's peoples against U.S. imperialism.

Sugarcane Goes Up the Hills

Our Correspondent

PEOPLE in Fengkai county, Kwangtung province, had always grown sugarcane along the river banks where the soil was more fertile. But this meant only a small quantity could be grown, as the county in general is hilly with rather poor soil.

Last year, people in Kwangtung increased their efforts to follow Chairman Mao's call to learn from Tachai production brigade. They began a mass campaign to grow more grain, oil and sugar crops for the revolution in the Tachai spirit of self-reliance and hard struggle.

A year's hard work transformed the wild slopes into terraced paddies and oil-tea and sugarcane plantations.

A Debate

In early winter of 1969 the Fengkai County Revolutionary Committee organized a trip for its commune, brigade and team leaders to a production team in another county to learn how to grow sugarcane in the hills. This team planted their crop on the steep slopes in pits, which prevented water loss and soil erosion. The success of this method gave the visitors confidence to do the same.

But a mass movement to grow sugarcane on the hills was not without obstacles. A handful of class enemies spread the idea that "growing sugarcane on the hills does not pay". A few people concerned only with immediate gains echoed that "sidelines, even cutting firewood or making charcoal, would pay more".

The county revolutionary committee organized a debate among the production teams and brigades in the communes. The topic: Should sugarcane be grown in the hills?

During work breaks in the fields or in study classes in the evenings, the peasants who had suffered most from exploitation in the old society argued for growing more sugarcane. They applied Mao Tsetung Thought to show how growing the crop in the hills would bring all-round development of the hilly regions and what this would mean to the country as a whole.

Members of the Tatung brigade, Lotung commune, put it this way, "Chairman Mao teaches us that in agriculture, while making food grains the key, we should also give attention to all-round development. We have a dense population in the plains of our province and we need as much land for grain as possible. If we expand the sugarcane crop in the plains, grain and sugar would fight for land. But if we can find a successful way to grow sugarcane in the hills, we will be adding a great deal to the sugar production of the province and the country. We will be contributing more to our socialist construction and the people's daily needs."

With the aim of farming clearer in their minds, the commune members lashed out at Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line in economic work — profit only. Li Chan-han, a team leader of Tatung brigade, spoke for most of the peasants when he said, "In the old society,

we poor and lower-middle peasants had no power. It was the landlords who had the power to keep accounts with the abacus as they pleased. They were always after us to pay rents and debts, pressing so hard we could hardly breathe. Chairman Mao and the Communist Party liberated us and gave us power. Today since we are the ones using the abacus, we must keep accounts in the interests of the proletariat and socialism. We owe our good life today to the big collective, our socialist country. If everyone calculates on his own little abacus, we would have 700 million little plans. Then we'd be falling right into the trap set by the class enemy, we'd be breaking up socialist economic planning and lose socialism altogether."

Leaders and rank-and-file all became clearer about the importance of making sugarcane "go up the hills" and set to work, all for the revolution.

County-wide Effort

To get the cane planted ahead of the busy spring plowing, people in the hilly regions began digging pits on the slopes in the coldest days of the year. They had to pour a lot of water on the ground to soften it for digging, and water had to be carried up from brooks at the foothills. A shock team of 19 militiamen from Hsia-lotien production team, Szuko commune, brought 6,000 buckets of water up the hills during several days and nights. Thirty-five members of Hunghsing production team, Chinchuang commune, besides carrying water had

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to tackle huge stones. In two days they removed a great many stones and dug 155 pits. In one winter and spring the people of the county dug a million pits and planted sugarcane over some 7,000 *mu* on the hillsides.

Sugarcane needs plenty of fertilizer. Leaders and commune members tapped every source they could think of. They grew green manure, scooped up pond silt, burned grass for ash, gathered old leaves and stored up farmyard manure. Everyone coming home from the fields in the evening would bring back a load of something for compost. Eager to nourish the crop and improve the soil, commune members even carried fertilizer up the hills and spread it by moonlight during the busy plowing season in spring last year.

Learning by Doing

Extensive planting of sugarcane in the hills was something new. Its "going up the hills" once did not mean that it would stay there. The growers were chal-

lenged by difficulties never met on the plains. Following Chairman Mao's teaching, "Practice, knowledge, again practice, and again knowledge," they set up scientific experiment groups and learned to tackle problems through practice and summing up for deeper knowledge.

That was how they overcame white ants, which attacked the cane on the hills more than down below.

Some production teams found that shoots did not appear after the cane sections were planted. They removed the earth covering and found that the sections had been eaten hollow by swarms of white ants. The experimental groups met this critical situation by going to the masses for ways of preventing and wiping out the pests. By experimenting day and night, they found several methods effective against the ants and not harmful to the cane. East Is Red production team made "ammonia water" by mixing cow urine with crude salt and pouring the solution in and around the pits where the



cane sections were planted. This method proved widely effective.

In early summer, when the cane had grown two feet high, some of the young shoots withered because caterpillars were hidden inside. The commune members repeatedly spread a lot of 666 powder mixed with earth on the shoots and killed the pest.

By the beginning of autumn the cane had grown taller than a man. Suddenly big patches of gray appeared on the underside of the leaves. Aphides were sucking the juice from the leaves and preventing the plants from growing properly. Since large amounts of insecticide could not arrive in time, the science groups again went to the masses and from them learned to make an insecticide from sever-

al kinds of wild plants grown in the hills. This killed the aphides.

In late autumn when the cane was thick and high, white ants attacked again. But now the growers, rich with a year's experimentation, were well prepared. Around the base of the plants they put decayed straw soaked with cow urine swept up from the cowsheds to drive the ants away.

The growers also learned to plant green manure, peanuts, soya beans or short-stalk sorghum in the cane pits. This intercropping shields a larger area of the ground from the scorching sun of the south and reduces evaporation of moisture from the soil.

A year of diligent labor and bold research brought the people

in the Fengkai hills their first sugarcane harvest. The county's average yield per *mu* topped 5,000 *jin*; the highest reached 15,000 *jin* per *mu*. The success of Fengkai and other hilly areas plus high yields on the plains last year gave Kwangtung province its biggest sugarcane harvest in history.

In the early part of this year the Fengkai people opened up another 10,000 *mu* of sugarcane fields on the wild slopes. To keep up with the large-scale development of the hilly regions, new small water conservation and hydro-electric works have been started, and the county farm machinery plant is putting out more sugarcane presses.

15 *mu* = 1 hectare (6 *mu* = 1 acre)
1 *jin* = 0.5 kg. (or 1.1 lb.)

Sugarcane is now grown on hillsides.



On the Long March with Chairman Mao

CHEN CHANG-FENG

IV. Passing the Region of the Miao People

IN NOVEMBER 1934, having broken through the enemy's fourth blockade line, the Red Army reached a main road on the border of Kwangsi and Hunan. It was pitch-dark when our little party arrived, for we travelled mostly at night to avoid being discovered by enemy planes. At dawn we found ourselves in a tiny mountain village.

We had been marching and fighting all the way. Chairman Mao had not had a single square meal. As soon as the troops took a rest, Little Tseng, a fellow bodyguard, and I went to look for something to eat. It was a small village and the inhabitants were very poor. The only thing we were able to buy was some 10 kilograms of sweet potatoes. I had them cooked and brought in to the Chairman. He was sitting on a small stool, chatting with the bodyguards and horse keeper around him. "The crossing of the Hsiang River was a very great success!" he was saying. Indeed, our crossing of the Hsiang River the previous night had been no mean feat.

Little Tseng and I, carrying the big earthen pot, announced that

dinner was ready. We went up to Chairman Mao and said to him, "We didn't buy any grain. We just got some sweet potatoes."

Taking one, Chairman Mao began to eat. "Not bad. Very sweet," he said.

"It's like sugar," burst out Young Ting who had been talking like a gramophone all the way. His nature was the very reverse of Young Chung's, who never spoke much under any circumstance.

We all began to eat, some of us sitting on benches, some standing, all around the Chairman. "Why didn't we head for Kweilin along the main road last night, Chairman Mao?" Young Ting asked.

"All you know is big cities. . . ." I stopped because I noticed that Chairman Mao was about to speak.

"We'll soon reach the region inhabited by the Miao people," Chairman Mao said.

The Miao region! This was something new. I remembered a political instructor in some classes on political study once telling us that the Miao people were a national minority, backward in their culture and economy, that their customs and ways were different from ours, and that they were even more ruthlessly persecuted

by the white army.* But what they looked like remained a mystery. It would be very interesting to see them for ourselves.

"They are like us, the Han people," the Chairman went on. "They also want to carry on a revolutionary movement against the oppression of the white army. So they are our good brothers."

Chairman Mao told us in great detail about the oppression of the Miao people at the hands of the White Army, their customs, habits, religious beliefs and so on. He called on us to keep to our rules of work among the masses even more strictly once we had entered the Miao region. He cautioned us against wandering about with things that didn't belong to us. He told us that the Miao women were also different from the women in the Soviet area, who treated the Red soldiers as brothers and, indeed, addressed them as such. The Miao women were not used to this kind of relationship. They still had feudal ideas.

Listening to the Chairman, we felt in something of a dilemma. Was this a "forbidden zone" we were going into? How were we going to get on when we put up our tents and needed to borrow

*The Kuomintang and warlord armies.

things? I asked Chairman Mao if it would be all right to take down a door* for him to sleep on, as we usually did wherever we stopped for the night.

"No, it won't do!" he said firmly. Then smiling he asked, "Didn't I warn you not to take things that do not belong to us?"

"What will you sleep on, then?"

"Anything except their doors."

That same evening we resumed our march. The November nights were bitterly cold and there was no moon, only the blinking stars accompanied us in the frosty clear sky. In the deep night, only the occasional low exchange of a password, the neighing of horses and the crack of a whip sounded through the even, marching footsteps.

All night we trekked over the mountains, going up hill one moment and down dale the next. Sometimes we clambered up steep slopes and slid down the other side. When we reached the top of a peak, the sky seemed to be right over us. Then the Chairman would look around and make sure everyone was there before going ahead again.

The next dawn found us coming down a mountain. Opposite us on the side of a small mountain were some strange-looking wooden houses of a type we had never seen before. They were neither one-storied nor two-storied, but like baskets hung in the air. Chairman Mao told us that we were in the Miao region.

The sun was rising when we reached the village and stopped for a rest. Now we could see the houses more clearly. The mountain formed their back walls, so they were, actually, an extension of the slopes. Under them were

*It was the custom of the peasants to allow the Red Army to take down their doors to use as beds, and put them back again the next morning.

the pigs and sheep. A tiny stream ran below, stopping now and then to form a pond and then running on again.

The house in which the Chairman stayed was quite good. Its windows gave onto a large pond with many big-headed carp.

"Let's get some fish for the Chairman," suggested Little Wu, one of the Chairman's bodyguards. Of course, this was a bright idea. But how could we dare, after what the Chairman had told us the day before?

We all remained silent.

"After all, the owner of this house may be a local despot," Wu pressed his point.

"I think perhaps we'd better ask the Chairman first," Young Chung said slowly.

When I took some water into Chairman Mao's room, I found him about to take a rest. I put the water on a bamboo table and stood for a while, wondering how to begin.

"Chairman," I found a way out at last, "are you hungry?"

"Is there anything to eat?"

"Oh, yes!" I said quickly.

"What is there?" the Chairman turned to look at me.

I poured out some water and said as casually as I could, "Fish, some big fish."

"Where are you going to get them?" the Chairman asked.

"Right there." I pointed to the pond outside the window.

The Chairman walked to the window and looked. Then he turned to me. "Have you forgotten so quickly what I told you yesterday?" he said sternly.

I hung my head and said slowly, "We'll pay money."

"That won't do either."

"Just buy a little," I insisted.

When he saw what was in my mind, he came and sat down beside me and patiently explained the characteristics of the national minorities and our policy towards them. "No matter how big their sheep or fish are, you should not touch them," he said. "They may be keeping them to use as sacrifices to their gods."

The hope of getting some fish evaporated. I picked up the water bucket and left. But as I got to the door the Chairman stopped me. "Tell all the others not to tamper with the things belonging to these people," he said to me. "We'll eat what we have."

I said I would, and went out. Little Wu was apparently waiting for the news, for I ran straight into him. He asked the result at once.

"The Chairman doesn't approve," I said bluntly.

"We'll pay money."

"Not even we pay money," I shouted. "Discipline, understand?" Then I was off.

In the afternoon, a party of about a dozen men turned up, dressed in Han clothes and carrying rifles. They asked to see the Chairman.

Hastily buttoning up my jacket, I asked them, "Where are you from?"

They were very well-mannered. "We're local people," one of them said in the Kwangsi dialect. His accent was difficult to understand.

Local people? I thought, then they must be Miaos. What do they want to see the Chairman for—and carrying rifles?

"Have you a letter of introduction?" I asked them.

"Yes, yes." A big fellow pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket.

I took it to the Chairman. He was studying a map. "Chairman,

there's somebody to see you," I reported.

"Who is it?" asked he.

"Some local people," I handed him the piece of paper. "They're carrying rifles!"

Having read what was on the piece of paper, the Chairman turned to me, delight written all over his face. "Ask them to come in at once." Then he walked out to meet his guests.

I accompanied the strangers into the Chairman's room and retired. I was puzzled. What did they want? Why was the Chairman so friendly to them?

The strangers remained in the Chairman's room for a long time. It was nearly sunset when they left.

When I brought dinner in, the Chairman was still standing before the map which was now

covered with red circles. "Will you eat your dinner now, Chairman?" I asked, putting the dishes down quietly.

He turned and laid his pencil down. "You haven't taken other people's fish, have you?" he asked with a smile.

I smiled back and shook my head.

"Chairman," I asked, "what do these people do?"

"They're Miao comrades," he said elatedly.

"The Miao people also have rifles?" I was curious.

The Chairman glanced at me. "They are Miao guerrillas — our comrades," he said.

"We have comrades among the Miao people?" I exclaimed.

"We have comrades everywhere and there are Communists everywhere!" Then his eyes twinkled. "Do you think you monopolize the revolution?" he said humorously.

I smiled.

V. New Year by the Wu River

It was the last day of 1934 when the Central Red Army reached Houchang near Huangping county, Kweichow province. We were to camp here over the year's end.

Houchang was a town where country fairs were held. It had a busy market. It was the largest place we had come to since leaving Juichin.

As soon as we arrived, Chairman Mao went to a meeting at the headquarters of the Military Council. According to our body-guard schedule, Little Tseng and I were on the first shift that day to accompany the Chairman to the meeting, while Comrades Chueh and Lin were to look for living quarters for him.

Before sunset, they came to relieve us so that we could go and

One of them pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket.



get something to eat. Comrade Chueh walked quickly into the room, squatted by the fire and, without raising his head, said, "Go quickly and eat. Everything is ready."

"Have you got everything shipshape?" I asked.

The two exchanged a glance, winked and continued mysteriously, "Hurry up, you'll see when you get there."

As we stepped out, they followed us to the door and said, "Come back as soon as you can, and bring a lamp for the Chairman."

I went to the troops' camping ground. It looked quite different from any of our earlier camps. Everyone was in high spirits. Some soldiers in thin army uniforms were sweeping snow on the streets, others were carrying doors to put up beds, others were practising songs. I learned that there was going to be a New Year's party in the evening with a variety of entertainment. I was tremendously excited. The fatigue of our several days' march vanished like melting snowflakes. I quickened my steps, dragging fellow bodyguard Little Tseng by the hand. "Let's go to see how they've fixed up things. As soon as the Chairman comes back, we'll see the New Year in and have some fun," I said.

The house provided for the Chairman was of Peking style, with rooms on four sides and a big courtyard in the center. At the entrance, the soldiers had made two mighty snow figures with a terrifying air. The brick path across the courtyard was as clean as if it had just been washed. Three spacious and bright rooms facing south were to be the Chairman's living quarters. The one in the middle was to be the sitting room, the room on the left his bedroom. One glance told us they had taken great pains to arrange

everything. They had put so much straw on the bed that it was as soft as a sofa. The room on the right would be the Chairman's office. Two tables placed together made a desk on which were stationery and a telephone.

"Beautiful!" Little Tseng and I exclaimed in delight as we walked round the rooms. Never before had the Chairman had such a good house to live in, not even in the old Soviet area, let alone during the Long March. What a treat it was to know that he had such a fine place to rest up in! It meant more to us bodyguards than anything else, especially on New Year's Eve.

Wasn't something still missing? Yes, the stools! Get them quickly! Little Tseng and I rushed out and returned with some thirty square wooden stools which we placed round the desk. Little Tseng wanted to know why we needed so many. I told him that since this was New Year's Eve, leading comrades would certainly come to join the Chairman for the New Year celebration. What would they do if there was nothing to sit on?

Little Tseng kept nodding as he listened, apparently admiring my thoughtfulness.

Then I consulted Tseng about what food we should prepare for the Chairman. "Well, this is the New Year," he said. "We should prepare the things he likes best." So I recited a list of the Chairman's favorites: beef, chili, fried bean-curd. . . .

"And don't forget sweet fermented rice," Tseng shouted at the top of his voice as if he had just hit on a wonderful idea.

It was already dark when we had everything prepared. Tseng and I went to meet the Chairman, carrying a lamp.

It was ten o'clock before the meeting of the Military Council

was over. As the Chairman was putting on his overcoat, I went up with the lamp. We had walked a little way when he asked us how far it was to the place where he was to spend the night. I answered that it was about a kilometer or so.

It was snowing and the wind was sharp. The clothes the Chairman had on were not warm enough. As I walked behind him, lamp in hand, a sudden emotion seized me. It was over two months since we had left the Soviet area, and the Chairman had been so busy that he had hardly had any time for rest. During the march, he would often give his horse to the weak or sick comrades while he walked. In camp he attended meetings and would be reading telegrams, drafting documents and so on when most of the others had gone to sleep. How could he keep on like this? How splendid it would be if he could stay in a nice place like this for a few more days, pass the New Year pleasantly and enjoy a good rest!

I could not bottle it up any longer. "Chairman," I said, "this is the New Year. We should take a good rest here. We've prepared everything."

The Chairman halted. He turned and faced me, straightening my cap, and said very gently, "What? You have arranged everything to pass the New Year?"

"Yes, everything's been arranged," said Little Tseng.

The Chairman looked at me, then at Tseng. He said nothing. He seemed absorbed in thought.

What was the matter? Perhaps he had not heard what we'd said. He might still be thinking of the questions discussed at the meeting.

After a long suspense, the Chairman spoke, "We can't stay here; we've much more important things to do than celebrate the New Year."



The Yi women, each carrying a big red cock, welcomed Chairman Mao.

"What do we have to do?" I was puzzled.

"We have to race against time to cross the Wu River," the Chairman began, stopping to pat us on the shoulder. "We're the Red Army. What's the most important thing for the Red Army to do at present? To fight the enemy and annihilate them. To cross the barrier of the Wu River is very important. You think Houchang is a big place. No. There are many big places in China, much bigger than this one. Tsunyi for instance. And there are still bigger ones than Tsunyi. When we've crossed the Wu River and taken Tsunyi, it'll be more interesting to spend the New Year there."

He told us briefly about the general situation. Chiang Kai-shek was sending several detachments to follow us closely. We had to get across the Wu River as fast as possible to avoid contact with the enemy.

It is difficult to describe my feelings when I heard what the Chairman said. Nevertheless, the idea of

racing across the Wu River was a stimulating one and my excitement began to mount.

Arriving at the house, we found it brilliantly lighted by the big lamp in the center room. The Chairman smiled at us. "It's really like New Year!" he said. Then he turned to us and waved his hand towards the circle of stools, "Let's spend the New Year's Eve together here!"

After eating, he told us to go to bed. He took out some documents and went on with his work.

About four o'clock in the morning, information came that our vanguard unit had reached the Wu River. We set out.

VI. The Yi People Welcome Chairman Mao

It was on an evening in April 1935, I remember, that the First Front Red Army and the Central Committee staff reached the Golden Sand River. It was the first big river to face us after the crossing of the Wu River. It was in high water, with angry dragon-headed waves. The leading comrades were

preoccupied with the problem of crossing, for we had only a few boats. Chairman Mao, of course, was in the thick of the discussion.

Just before dawn I crossed with him in a boat. We had hardly landed when he was off with other leading comrades to plan the next stage of the march. I set about looking for a temporary office and living quarters for him.

It didn't look hopeful. The river bank was nothing but bare rocks, with a few holes in the cliffs, dripping with moisture, hardly big enough to be called caves. I sought in vain for planks or even straw to use for a bed. In the end I had to lay out a piece of oilcloth on the ground and put the blanket on it, feeling that that would at least give the Chairman something to lie down on—he hadn't rested at all the whole night.

My next task was to lay out his documents, maps and papers. Usually I did it with his secretary whenever we made camp. We used to rig up some kind of a table or desk. But now there was nothing at all to use even as a

makeshift, and the secretary was still on the other side of the river. How could the Chairman do his work? I tried pinning one of the maps on the wall of the cave, but it was no good — it was just sand and wouldn't hold the nail, and there wasn't room to spread the documents out. Already I had wasted time. I was expecting Chairman Mao back from his conference any minute and I hadn't even boiled the water. I knew he would need it after his night's work. I hurried out to see what I could do about the water.

It was broad daylight when Chairman Mao came back and sent for me. When I reached the cave I saw him standing there, deep in thought.

"You've come back," I said.

"M'm. . . everything ready?"

"I've done what I can," I said, pointing at the "bed". "There are no boards to be found, so I've made this up. Will you lie down for a bit? The water will be boiled in a minute."

I turned to go check the water, but he called me back.

"Haven't you found me a place to work?" he asked.

"The secretary hasn't come over yet," I said without thinking. "I couldn't find anything to use as a desk — not even a small table. Will you have some water first?"

He took a step towards me, as though he had not heard what I told him, and said, very seriously, but not at all angrily, "The work's the all-important thing at a moment like this. Food or drink are trifles. Twenty to thirty thousand of our comrades are still waiting to cross the river there. It's a matter of thirty thousand lives."

I didn't know what to say, but stood there staring at him. He came right up to me. "Go on," he said, "find me a board or something to use as a desk before you do anything else."

I pulled myself together and ran off, and by hunting high and low found a small board which must have been used as a door to a cave. Chairman Mao helped me set it up, spreading out his maps and docu-

ments. Then I remembered the water, it must have boiled by now. I got up to fetch it, when the Chairman spoke again, "Chen Chang-feng, come back!"

I went back into the cave, standing before the "desk".

"I'll have to give you some punishment, you know," he said. The tone of his voice was mild as usual. "I want you to stay by me and keep awake."

I felt an uneasy smile come over my face and sat down opposite him.

"Right," I said.

He had spread telegrams and documents all over the desk. The field telephone rang with messages all the time and he was absolutely immersed in work. He had not allowed a minute for his own comfort. I felt sorry about wasting his time over the desk. If I had understood my job better, I would have had it ready before.

I was awfully drowsy and had a habit anyway of dropping off beside him when he was working. I knew what he meant when he said he would "punish" me by asking me to keep awake, although he had spoken half in jest. But that day when I saw him heart and soul in his work, I had not the least desire to sleep. From time to time he looked at me with a cheerful smile. I was very uneasy. I got up, fetched the boiled water and poured some out to cool.

Time enough to eat two meals passed before Chairman Mao stopped and stood up to stretch.

"You've been with me several years now," he said. "How is it that you still don't understand what comes first? The first thing you have to do when we make a stop is to find some place for me to work. Food and rest are secondary. You must realize that work is always the most important thing under all circumstances." He stopped a minute and then rubbed his hand over my head. "Now go and get some sleep," he said. "You can hardly keep your eyes open."

After what the Chairman had just said, of course I didn't want to go. He urged me again. I was nearly in tears — I couldn't help it.

It wasn't because I had been criticized. It was a mixed feeling of regret and joy, the sort of feeling you have when you have done something wrong and your parents speak seriously but not harshly to you in warning, "Child, don't do it again. Now go and play."

For three days and nights while some 30,000 troops continued crossing the Golden Sand River, Chairman Mao never left his desk.

Soon after the crossing we reached Mienning in southwest Szechuan. There we received orders to get ready to enter the region inhabited by the Yi people, and to cross the Tatu River. Each of us was required to carry enough rations for 14 days, a bamboo pole, and a 7-meter-long rope. In the streets we could see people transporting grain and bamboo poles, and plaiting ropes with all available materials.

Two days later we left Mienning. We reached the Yi region at noon. It was May. In my native Kiangsi the fields would already be gay with the golden rice. But here the land was deserted and untilled. There were no rice fields, no farm houses, only some rough low shacks in the forests.

Soon after we entered a mountainous area a group of men and women in strange clothes suddenly appeared before us. They shouted as they approached. Five tall women came out from the group, each carrying a big red cock in her arms. They approached Chairman Mao and surrounded him. They said something that we could not understand. But Chairman Mao nodded his head and, imitating their gestures, put his hands before his breast to show his gratitude. I, Tseng and other comrades imitated him in turn to thank them.

Then Chairman Mao, closely followed by the women with the cocks, walked on. By this time there were Yi people everywhere, on the slopes, in the valley and on the top of the mountain. Some of them raised their hands high in welcome, some bowed, others sang gaily. It was a strange and moving sight that brought tears to our eyes.

(To be continued)

Football and Friendship

1. Welcoming ceremony
2. "We'll learn from you!"
3. Dribbling
4. Congolese and Chinese P.L.A. football players at the Summer Palace



1

3





4

2



Among the many friends in the sports world visiting China last spring were the National People's Army Football Team led by Lieutenant Jacques N'Dolou from the People's Republic of the Congo in equatorial Africa.

On May 2 in the afternoon, 80,000 spectators at the Peking Workers' Stadium watched the welcome ceremony, with Chinese and Congolese players exchanging souvenirs, and a friendly match.

Players of the two countries demonstrated fine sportsmanship and excellent skill in the four matches in Peking. The Congolese team showed top form at the last match—strong attack, fast footwork, good teamwork and indomitable spirit. During the 90 minutes of the game they made 20 shots at the goal to the repeated applause of the spectators.

Friendly matches and training together enabled the players to learn from each other and promoted friendship between the peoples of China and the Congo.



Shot-put



Broad jump



The 100-meter dash



The 1,500-meter race



March into the arena



Spectators

Middle School Sports Meet

Thirty thousand boys and girls attended the Peking Middle School Students' Sports Meet in May. Eight hundred teenagers participated in 24 events, lasting two days. Before this, 25,000 youngsters had taken part in athletic meets held in 90 percent of the middle schools in the city's nine districts and nine counties in the surrounding countryside.

Besides their regular sports period, morning training and between-class exercises, the schools organize ball games, gymnastics and swimming. Seventy to 80 percent of the students in many schools have learned to swim after wide popularization in the last few years. More and more young people are also playing table tennis, gaining fresh impetus from the recent 31st World Table Tennis Championships.

解放桥

Jiěfàng Qiáo

Liberation Bridge

在西藏墨脱县，不久前修起了
Zài Xīzàng Mòtuō xiàn, bùjiǔ qián xiūqǐle
At Tibet Motuo county, not long before (was) built
一座横跨雅鲁藏布江的钢丝绳吊
yī zuò héngkuà Yālǔzàngbùjiāng de gāngsīsuǒ diào
a crossing Yalutsangpo River steel cable suspension
桥。
qiáo.
bridge.

原来，这里只有一座年久失修
Yuánlái, zhèlǐ zhǐ yǒu yī zuò nián jiǔ shī xiū
Originally, here only had a years old in disrepair
的藤索桥。人们走在桥上，
de téngsuǒ qiáo. Rénmen zǒu zài qiáo shàng,
rattan rope bridge. People walking at bridge on,
左右摇晃，一不小心，就有掉
zuǒ yòu yáohuàng, yī bù xiǎoxīn, jiù yǒu diào
left right swayed, once not careful, then had falling
进江里的危险。
jìn jiāng lǐ de wēixiǎn.
into river (in) danger.

驻守在这里的人民解放军某
Zhùshǒu zài zhèlǐ de Rénmín Jiěfàngjūn mǒu
Stationed at here People's Liberation Army (a) certain
部，遵照毛主席关于“全心全
bù, zūnzhào Máo Zhǔxí guānyú "Quán xīn quán
unit, following Mao Chairman concerning "Whole heart whole
意地为人民服务”的教导，决定在
yì dì wèi rénmin fúwù" de jiàodǎo, juédìng zài
mind for people serve" teaching, decided at

江上修建一座钢丝绳吊桥。
jiāng shàng xiūjiàn yī zuò gāngsīsuǒ diào qiáo.
river over build a steel cable suspension bridge.

战士们冒着生命的危险，在江边
Zhànshìmen màozhe shēngmìng de wēixiǎn, zài jiāng biān
Soldiers at the risk of life's danger, at river side

悬崖上进行施工。经过一年多的
xuányá shàng jìnxíng shīgōng. Jīngguò yī nián duō de
cliffs on carried out construction. After a year over

努力，他们终于用十二根二百五十
nǔlì, tāmen zhōngyú yòng shíèr gēn èrbǎi wǔshí
effort, they finally used twelve two hundred fifty

米长的大钢索，建成了一座跨度
mǐ cháng de dà gāngsuǒ, jiànchéng le yī zuò kuàdù
meter long big steel cables, built a span

一百八十米，宽二米五的钢丝绳
yībǎi bāshí mǐ, kuān èr mǐ wǔ de gāngsīsuǒ
one hundred eighty meters, width two meters five steel cable
吊桥。
diào qiáo.
suspension bridge.

为了表达对人民解放军的感谢，
Wèile biàodá duì Rénmín Jiěfàngjūn de gǎnxiè,
In order to express to People's Liberation Army gratitude,
当地少数民族人民把这座桥命名
dāngdì shǎoshù mínzú rénmin bǎ zhè zuò qiáo mìngmíng
local minority nationality people this bridge named
为“解放桥”。
wéi "Jiěfàng Qiáo".
as "Liberation Bridge".

Translation

Not long ago, a steel cable suspension bridge spanning the Yalu-
tsangpo River was built in Motuo county, Tibet.

For many years there existed only a rattan rope suspension bridge
in bad repair. When people walked on it, it swayed from side to side.
One misstep, and they were in danger of falling into the river.

Following Chairman Mao's teaching, "Serve the people whole-
heartedly", the unit of the Chinese People's Liberation Army stationed
here decided to build a steel cable suspension bridge. The soldiers
worked at the risk of their lives on the cliffs rising from both sides of
the river. After more than a year's effort, they succeeded in building
a bridge with a span of 180 meters and 2.5 meters wide, using 12 big
250-meter steel cables.

To express their gratitude to the P.L.A., the local minority nation-
alities named it "Liberation Bridge".

Explanatory Notes

1. Zuò 座 is the classifier for bridge. Gēn 根 is the classifier
for rope.

2. Yi 一 means "a", "one". In yī bù xiǎoxīn 一不小心, yī—carries
the meaning of "once", "as soon as", so the phrase means "once you
are careless". Another example: Tiān yī hēi, tāmen jiù lái le 天一黑，
他们就来了 means "As soon as it grew dark, they came" (tiān hēi 天黑
means "it grows dark").

3. De 的 is a particle used to link a noun to its adjectival modifier.
E.g., yǒu diào jìn jiāng lǐ de wēixiǎn 有掉进江里的危险。Here diào jìn
jiāng lǐ 掉进江里 (fall into the river) is an adjectival modifier for the noun
wēixiǎn 危险 (danger) and the whole phrase means "has the danger of
falling into the river". Zhùshǒu zài zhèlǐ de Rénmín Jiěfàngjūn mǒu bù
驻守在这里的人民解放军某部 is similarly constructed. De 的 is used
between the adjectival modifier zhùshǒu zài zhèlǐ and the noun — Rénmín
Jiěfàngjūn mǒu bù — it modifies.

Son of the Tibetan People



Comrade Tantseng



LAST August a fierce rainstorm swept southern Tibet for many days. The turbulent Yalutsangpo River swelled eight meters above normal. At a ferry crossing, 42 passengers and two truckloads of supplies waited to cross to the south shore. On the morning of August 11 the ferry workers decided to take them across.

A heavy steel cable spanned the river. The ferry boat was attached to this by a pulley to steady it. The boat itself was drawn by a smaller cable. But as the loaded boat reached the swift current in the middle of the river, huge waves pounded it and drove it downstream. The pressure was so great that the three heavy wooden stakes holding the main cable on the south bank cracked and bent,

slackening the cable and causing the boat to start whirling wildly. The ferry was in immediate danger of crashing against a shoal or capsizing.

In a house on the south shore, 25-year-old Tantseng, a Tibetan P.L.A. man home on leave, was reading. Suddenly he heard cries for help. Climbing up on the roof, he saw a lone boat rocking and turning in the raging waves. With a cry of alarm, he jumped down and dashed toward the river. He tried to grab the small drawing cable but it knocked him down. Scrambling up, he leaped down the three-meter bank to grab the main cable which was now loose on its stakes.

Workers at the crossing, peasants, herdsmen and members of a P.L.A. survey team hurried to help. With Tantseng leading, 60 men took hold of the heavy cable. "Hold on, comrades, whatever the cost," Tantseng shouted, "we must save our class brothers and the people's property!"

At this point the small cable snapped, throwing all the weight on the main cable. Some were thrown to the ground by the sudden pull, others were hurt. Alone on the cable, Tantseng was dragged toward the river, but he refused to let go, his eyes fixed on the boat being pushed downstream. The boat slowly pulled away from midstream and reached the shore. The forty-two

class brothers and the people's property were safe. But Tantseng had been thrown into the river by the cable. When boats set out to look for him, all they could find was his army cap floating in the waves.

With tear-filled eyes, the people crowded into the hero's house. In the brightest part of his room hung a portrait of Chairman Mao. Still open on the desk was Chairman Mao's *Serve the People*, beside it an uncapped pen and the beginning of a report to his company Party branch on what he had learned in recent studies.

TANTSENG was born in a dark, damp cowshed in the summer of 1946, his parents slaves of a serfowner, their life one long whiplashing. In that man-eat-man society the children of slaves were also slaves from the day they were born. In 1951 Tibet was peacefully liberated. But the conditions were not yet ripe for immediate political and economic reforms, so when Tantseng was eight years old he became a little house slave for the lord. He did the work of draft animals and ate what the pigs and dogs ate. Endless whippings and humiliations were his everyday lot.

One day a small detachment of the People's Liberation Army passed through his village. The boy had heard that the P.L.A.

liberated the poor. Stirred by deep yearnings, he went to look for them. The P.L.A. soldiers welcomed him like one of their own family, bringing him tea and a hot meal and explaining how liberation is achieved.

"It is Chairman Mao who is leading the oppressed of all nationalities of our country to emancipation," they told him and gave him a portrait of Chairman Mao. For the first time in his life the Tibetan boy experienced the warmth of proletarian comradeship. He took the portrait with both hands, tears in his eyes. News of this happy encounter soon spread through his village.

In March 1959 the Tibetan local government and reactionaries of the upper strata staged an armed rebellion, but it was swiftly put down by the People's Liberation Army. Democratic reforms began. Chairman Mao sent work teams to lead the serfs and slaves to free themselves from the serfowners. From then on 13-year-old Tantseng set his heart on following the Communist Party. The thing he liked best was to listen to stories about P.L.A. heroes such as Lei Feng and Wang Chieh.* One day he too hoped to become a P.L.A. soldier.

His wish came true in 1966, the year the proletarian cultural revolution started.

In the army Tantseng worked hard at studying Chairman Mao's works. He had only attended night school for three months during the democratic reform, so he knew only a few words. Now he learned to read and write by studying Chairman Mao's works. When he came across a new word he asked comrades around him, drew a

*Lei Feng and Wang Chieh were communist soldiers dedicated to the interests of the people. Both were outstanding in their study and application of Chairman Mao's teachings. Lei Feng was a squad leader of an engineering unit. He was killed in an accident while on duty in 1962. Wang Chieh was a squad leader of an armored unit. In July 1965 he was training the militia in a commune when some explosives were accidentally touched off. Wang Chieh threw himself on the explosives and saved the lives of 12 people.

picture beside it and wrote a word he knew with a similar sound. He wrote the words, "Serve the people", in his notebook hundreds of times. When his comrades worried that studying Chairman Mao's works was too difficult for him, Tantseng said, "Yes, I've only begun to learn to read and write, but I can understand what Chairman Mao says and the revolutionary line he wants us to follow. The most important thing for me is to remember his teachings and put them into practice in everything I do."

Tantseng's unit was stationed in a village near Lhasa. One day he saw a former serf named Drolma carrying fertilizer to the fields, her clothes soaked with sweat. He knew that Drolma had received land after the democratic reform, but because she had many young children, few in the family who could work, and only simple tools, farm work and life in general was still quite hard. Off duty, he would take Drolma's basket of fertilizer from her and deliver it to the fields. The village's 39 families of former serfs began to go to the barracks to ask Tantseng for help or advice on their problems.

In the autumn of 1967 the village became a production team of a commune. The members didn't have much to start with. Tantseng told this to his company and the men gave the team 42 sickles and 24 shovels. Later the people discovered that Tantseng had bought some of these with his own monthly allowance and secretly added them to the company's gift.

On December 15, 1969 Tantseng became a member of the Chinese Communist Party. That day he wrote in his diary: "For Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and the liberation of mankind, I will give my all." He lived up to that pledge.

In his brief lifetime the young Tibetan risked his life 14 times to save lives and property. Once he and Chiang Kai-lin, another

soldier, went to a stock farm to select army horses. Just as Chiang had lassoed a big bay horse, his foot got caught in the rope and he was dragged into the herd. The startled horses stampeded and Chiang was about to be trampled. Tantseng ran up and caught the lead horse by the neck, forcing it to turn, thus heading the stampeding herd in another direction. Pulling himself up, Chiang clasped Tantseng's hands, too moved to speak.

* * *

Memories of Tantseng's many heroic deeds flooded the room as a Tibetan worker held up the young fighter's army cap and said, "I have seen with my own eyes our Tibetan Lei Feng and Wang Chieh."

P.L.A. men see an exhibition on the hero's life story.



The Selected Works of Mao Tsetung, a notebook and an army cap, Tantseng's most precious belongings.





A special show for an audience of three.

MILITANT MUSIC, drums and gongs created an atmosphere of excitement as a lithe, middle-aged peasant leaped again and again into a sea of flames to rescue old people, children, grain. His clothes caught fire, his hair was singed. But he fought on until the fire swallowed him. After a breathless moment, the audience burst into applause.

This was a scene from the song-and-dance drama "Tempered in Flames", performed by the song and dance troupe of Hsilin county for commune members in a mountain village in the Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region, south China. Based on the heroic deeds of a lo-

cal Communist, it was created by the troupe.

Most of the troupe's 17 members are sons and daughters of workers and peasants. Since its formation in 1969 it has toured most of the county. Carrying their own props and bedrolls across mountains and forests, the troupe has performed for a total of 70,000 people, spreading Mao Tsetung Thought through modern revolutionary dramas and items about outstanding workers, peasants and soldiers in the locality.

One evening at a production brigade, they were all set to go on stage when someone came and

shouted, "The forest nearby is on fire!"

Should they join the commune members to fight the fire? They had walked and performed for several days running and were tired. But the thought of the hero in their drama moved them to follow his example. "Comrades," one of them shouted, "let's move our stage to the scene of the fire!"

They set off with the commune members. After climbing over several steep hills they plunged into thick smoke and came to a roaring blaze devouring the dense forest.

They tried to beat down the flames with tree branches. The

Performing for the Mountain Villagers



Troupe members escorting peasants to their performance.

Working together with commune members.



actor who played the hero in the dance drama was fighting a fire for the first time. The sight of the fast-spreading flames made him nervous at first. Then he seemed to hear the hero's voice, "I'll go through any danger to save the people's lives and property!" He plunged into the battle.

The troupe members rushed wherever the flames were highest. When their tree branches snapped, they rolled over the grass and stamped out the flames. After battling for five hours, they put out the fire on three hills.

Instead of giving a performance that evening, the troupe members had tempered themselves in real flames. They earned warm praises from the commune members.

HSILIN county is in remote, high mountains inhabited by people of many nationalities. Travelling here is rough and audiences vary greatly in number, but the troupe always does as Chairman Mao teaches, "These battalions of

ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."

Once, on their way to a construction site to perform for road-builders, they passed a valley where a small number of workers were repairing a section of road. Without stopping, they invited them to the performance that evening. But after walking for some distance the members found the mountain trail too rugged for tired workers to climb after work. So they turned back and gave a performance for them before moving on.

On New Year's Day of 1971, in spite of the cold weather and fine rain, the troupe went to a water conservation site 100 kilometers from the county seat to perform for several thousand workers. Then they heard that a tractor driver and three cooks had been unable

to leave their work to see the performance. "These are the workers and peasants we should serve," said the troupe members. They immediately went and put on a show for the four comrades.

Wherever it goes, the troupe does everything possible to overcome the difficulties of performing in the mountains. One production team was situated on a mountain slope and there was no level space where they could perform. The members found shovels and levelled a "stage" on the slope.

Another time they were all ready to perform for a production brigade when they found that the wooden bridge leading to the village had collapsed. Their guests would have to wade across the stream in the cold winter night if they wanted to see the performance. Rolling up their trousers, the members of the troupe got in-

to the water and, with the help of commune members, stacked up stones and put wooden planks on them to make a new bridge. That evening even the old folk and little children living on the other side of the stream were able to come. When the performance was over, the troupe members, still in costume and makeup, carried storm lanterns and accompanied the aged and children all the way back to their village.

The troupe members not only propagate Mao Tsetung Thought by giving revolutionary performances but also follow Chairman Mao's teachings to take part in physical labor. They helped the peasants gather firewood, carry water, and gave them haircuts in their homes.

For their selfless work they are warmly welcomed wherever they go.



Man vs. Nature

The most interesting article in the October 1970 issue is "Forcing Nature to Man's Will". I was deeply impressed by the people's will and determination to solve their problems. Incidentally, I come from a remote part of my country and my people's problems always give me concern. I have learned from your literature that man can succeed even in the face of all odds.

J.A.C.A.

Oshogbo, Nigeria

Unity Is Strength

I have learned how a people united and armed with Marxist-Leninist revolutionary theory and practice, and with a really revolutionary leadership which understands their needs, can bring about radical transformations in the economic base and the superstructure. The masses can then march forward continuously and constantly raise their living standards, and support the socialist revolution in the world.

C.A.S.

Buenos Aires, Argentina

Paper Tiger

I received with pleasure *Imperialism and All Reactionaries Are Paper Tigers*. It is true that Yankee imperialism looks rather strong, but sooner or later the terror, violence and death it brings to innocent people will end. Chairman Mao has said that it is necessary to oppose reactionary violence with revolutionary violence and that man is superior to things. Yankee imperialism will surely end in a fiasco.

G.H.O.E.

Mexico City, Mexico

Rural Bases

The situation in the national liberation movement in south Vietnam and the other two Indochinese countries proves with each passing day the correctness of carrying out armed struggle and transforming the countryside into invincible revolutionary fortresses.

The National United Front of Cambodia has won brilliant victories in its struggle against the Lon Nol fascist clique set up by the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States. This is good news to me. Those who are Lon Nol's kind — Nguyen Van Thieu, Nguyen Cao Ky, Su-

harto and Chiang Kai-shek — will be wiped out in the not too distant future.

I.M.A.U.

Cairo, U.A.R.

More Information Needed

While the opinions and actions of your country are of intense interest and concern to a foreign reader of *China Reconstructs*, other internal matters are of much greater interest. We want to know how Chinese politics works. We want to know as much as possible about the peoples of your country, their day-to-day life, customs and festivals. Articles on places of geographic interest could be included. Pictures of the Chinese countryside, the mountains, rivers and cities would be of immense interest.

L.R.H.

Brighton, Australia

A Criticism

The language in *China Reconstructs* is rather difficult. If it could make simple statements in simple language, it would create greater interest among the readers.

K.G.T.

Ambatanne, Ceylon



